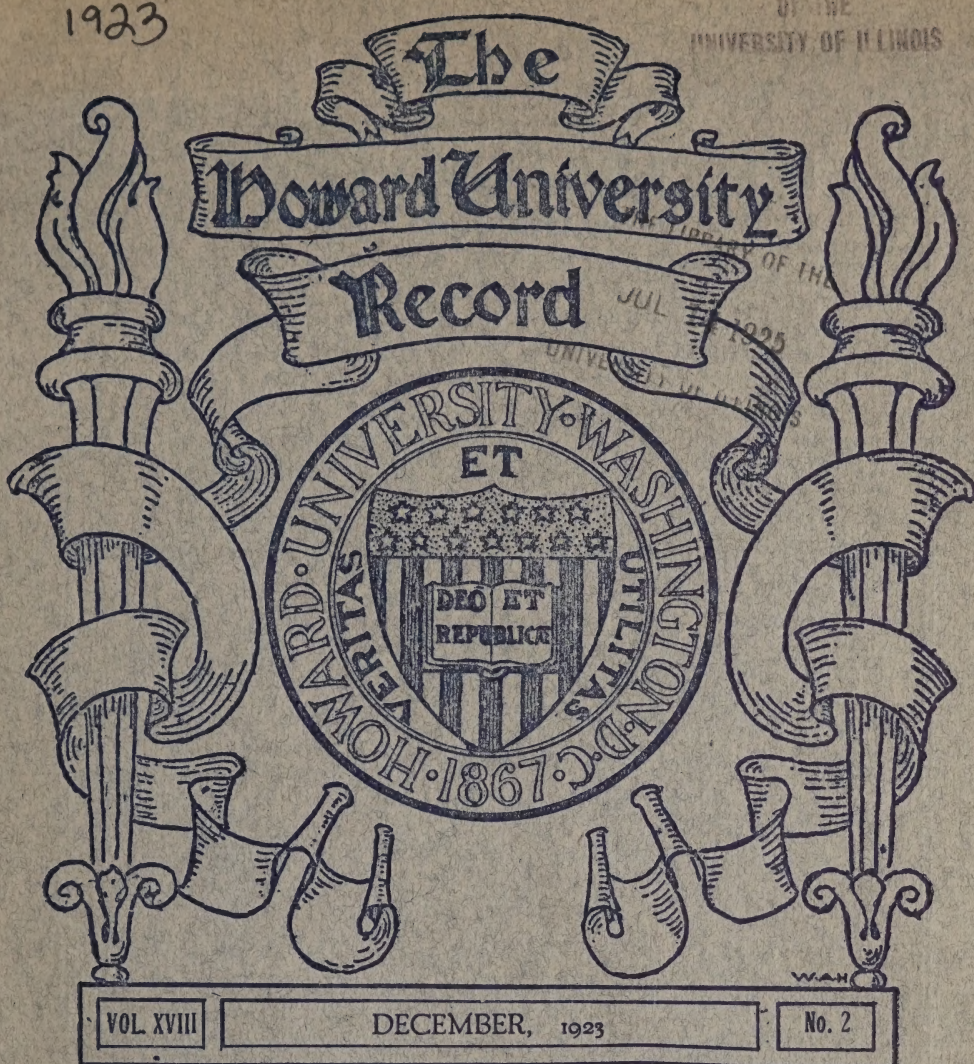


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The Dramatic Elements in Negro Life

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Alumni Notes

Obituary

University Notes

Of General Interest

Counterweights

HOWARD UNIVERSITY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Founded by GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

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Editorials

THE GENESIS OF COLLEGE SPIRIT

College spirit is very real, but at the same time very intangible. We talk about it a great deal, but find difficulty in defining it. Like love, it grows on its own manifestations and like the fabled serpent feeds upon itself. To an individual, to a group, to a nation, spirit is the sign of life. Truly it maketh alive.

Those who bear the name of Howard desire above all things that Alma Mater may grow great; great in the esteem of the world, great in influence, great in the creation and preservation of lofty ideals. But greatness means growth, and growth means vigorous life, and life cannot be, save through the spirit. To those of us who bear the name of Howard, the greatest task, the most urgent duty, is the creation and perpetuation of a Howard spirit, a college loyalty, an eternal devotion—first within our own hearts. And we must endeavor, by every legitimate means within our power to render conditions here conducive to the development of those same virtues within the hearts of those sojourning here and those to come who will some day join our ranks.

But mere talking will not do it, for abiding love is not born of academic discussion. Arguments of cause and effect engender no devotion. Logical dissertations, with why's and wherefore's arouse not undying enthusiasm. Love, enthusiasm and devotion are sentiments born and nurtured in the hearts of men by deeds that try the soul, quicken the pulse and heat the blood. The indefinable unreasoning sentiment which we call patriotism is the greatest asset to a nation's glory, and the best guarantee of its integrity. Some one has said that war is a necessity, if for no other reason than that it keeps alive that potent virtue, and fans to white heat that vital fire without which a nation were indeed dead. On Decoration Day thousands go to the national cemeteries to do honor to those whose glory it was to die that this country might live. Ask surviving veterans to state logically and correctly their reasons for answering the high call to duty—to give historic justification for the appalling sacrifice to Mars. How many could—how many would attempt to do so? "Not

theirs to reason why—but theirs to do and die.” They went because their country called—that was enough. Such is the stuff of which patriotism is made, and it is from that same stuff that college loyalty is made. It is in doing deeds for her glorification that the true, soulful devotion for Howard must be born.

Alumni, students and faculty working together can build and keep alive this holy fire, and no one else can do it; for none other will labor for Howard with the labor of love. And no matter what may be the object of our task, so long as it is for the glory of Alma Mater and is performed with love and devotion, will it result in increasing the Howard spirit which we all crave.

The Howard Players, for example, have brought us much honor by the excellence of their productions. The sacrifice of time and effort, so necessary for the successful presentation of these plays, cannot but leave a wholesome spirit of love and loyalty in the heart of each and every participant. And how can we estimate the service rendered to the cause of Howard by its Debating Teams who uphold its prestige on the platform? These same orators will in after years, with equal enthusiasm, and in the same stentorian tones, speak out for this cause they thus have learned to love. And every Howardite, old and young, should constantly encourage and generously patronize such manifestations of student activity and use our influence in persuading every well-wisher of Howard to do the same.

But it is probably in the field of athletic endeavor that the seeds of college spirit find most fertile soil. It is there, above all places, that enthusiasm runs riot. The spirit imbued by clean physical contests is in kind and character similar to that engendered by honorable battle—a white hot flame when stress is at its height, followed by a warm red glow, less fervent, but eternal. Whose soul upon the football field at the last big game did not thrill with emotion? Each Howard heart beat faster and faster as the game went on; each love surged stronger and stronger; each voice rose higher and higher; until all burst forth in one tremendous and exultant shout of victory, when our gallant warriors forced the ball across the line and set floating proudly to the breeze the glorious White and Blue. That white hot flame branded every heart that felt its searing touch, some more deeply than others—but branded every heart.

In football, basketball, baseball, tennis, track, and field, Howard’s athletes have for years wrought nobly for her cause; in fact, I venture to say, have contributed most largely to the creation of that vitalizing spirit of which I speak. But it is only because of the intensity of these activities that their efforts in producing college spirit are so manifest. If we work as earnestly and give ourselves as devotedly to the cause we love as does the athlete, no matter what may be our task we will receive in return for each endeavor a new baptism of that holy fire—the HOWARD SPIRIT.

D. O. W. H.

THE REVIVAL AT HOWARD

FIVE years ago a newcomer, on entering upon the campus, could not fail to be impressed with the fact that he was in an entirely new atmosphere. The war had lately ceased, but its spirit was still in the air, and every one perhaps in the world had a strange mixture of gayety and sadness. All civilization seemed wrapped in gloom while still seeking for mirth. But that was the outside world. Upon arrival at Howard there seemed to be a sharp contrast. Instead of the clouded faces every one carried a smile. Both faculty and students seemed to enjoy the happiest period of their lives, and that strange something which was soon known as the Howard spirit seemed to pervade every sport on the campus. There was life in everything.

But it was not long before strange clouds began to gather on the horizon of Howard, and threatened to overspread her sky. In place of the merry twinkle and jovial smile which but yesterday had characterized the face of every Howardite, both faculty and student took on a dull visage deeply colored with sorrow and woe. Scarcely one bright face was to be seen on the campus. It seemed as if some plague was sweeping the world and daily threatened to wipe the University out of existence. In such a condition no one could tell what was the matter with Howard. Some hinted at one thing, others at another; but all agreed that something was fundamentally wrong. There was an abrupt decline noticeable in the extra curricula activities, and it seemed that if attendance on classroom lectures and recitations was not obligatory that, too, would decline. Indeed, those who had the interest of the University at heart began to fear that some calamity was imminent. Yet no one could accurately point out the seat of the trouble, and for a time it appeared more advisable to let things move on in a sort of *laissez faire* fashion than to make any attempt at remedying conditions.

But there is no cloud so dark that has not a silver lining. The brightest day is preceded and followed by nights. Indeed, if the same level of things continued indefinitely, either from satiation or from adaptation, a change would sooner or later be demanded, or we would lose our sense of appreciation. And yet, in a period of transition, when there seems no stability in anything, human nature is such that men cease to remember the good times that have been, and, losing all faith in the future, begin to sigh and bemoan the present. The period of Howard's history from 1920-1923 was simply one of transition, during which, we have reasons to believe, subtle agencies were at work preparing for a new day. Of course, such activities were not visible on the surface, and there was a liability for one to suspect the whole University as being quiescent. If it were possible to forecast the future and to learn of the abundant life that lay pent up only awaiting a time of unfoldment, we would not have been so forlorn. The Autumn of 1923 has revealed to us what it was

not possible for us, in those days of quiet, to foresee. As night's darkest hour immediately precedes the dawn, so what was for Howard a day of darkness has only preceded a day of light.

The night has gone. The day has come. Already we are experiencing a brilliant awakening. Not only the Freshman, who are always blithe for the first quarter, but every other class, is as merry as larks. Nor does the college form a limit to the new spirit; even the professional schools seem to have thrown off their professional dignity and are competing with the academic schools. The Medical School demands special admiration. Everyone knows the life of drudgery that is almost peculiar to a student of medicine. Therefore when one observes that students of medicine vie with college Sophomores in exhibiting the new Howard spirit, one must know that there is a flood-tide of life here. Indeed, to say it mildly, the spirit of Howard has revived in a manner that baffles description.

It was formerly thought that at the Thanksgiving game the spirit of the University was at its zenith. Let such tradition die with the past. Today we do not wait until we are face to face with an opponent to show our colors, but any time when the signal is heard, two thousand voices reply. Of course, no antagonist may expect to floor Howard. She has always held her ground. Let them who will invade our field, but woe to them if they have not counted the cost. Whatever the old trouble was, it has disappeared and every one on the campus shows in his face an expression as if of joy at being relieved from some disagreeable burden. Nothing has been more thrilling for the past month than to see several hundred of Howard's men in a bunch and to hear their yells rend the air. Several opposing teams have already been literally cowered at the sound of the first Howard yell.

S. A. L. N.

ALMA MATER

As a Senior facing graduation and the wide world, many questions have arisen in my mind. I love Howard and have been searching around in my college experience to find some person, thing or activity which comes nearest to personifying Howard University and Alma Mater to me. Love of Alma Mater, college spirit, is an intangible thing. One can only judge what it is through manifestations. Throughout my college life I have been looking for the manifestation that most nearly personified my ideal of Howard. I have found that manifestation and as I go out into the wide world, as I look back on Howard, as I try, away down there in some little Southern community, or away out there in some Western town, to recall the thing that spells Howard, my Howard, my Alma Mater to me, I shall recall the Howard football squad. To me the one spark of that divine thing which moves men all over the world to do great things for Alma Mater is found in the Howard football squad.

Those thirty-five or forty men have developed that spirit which many Howardites, who spend eight years in the University and the rest of their lives as alumni, never find.

That football squad is to me like a great sun spreading its warm rays out for a large radius, but we of the student body, faculty and alumni remain untouched for the most part by its rays. We stand in the shadows at the outer edge. Once in a while, a ray strikes us and we respond, but most of the time we stand untouched. Oh, if we could only draw near and catch the brilliant rays of this sun—what a light we could cast all over the world! I am away down in some little Southern community; I am away out in the roughness of some Western town; Howard Spirit, love of Alma Mater, suffuses my heart. Simultaneously with that feeling comes the memory of the Howard football squad.

M. G. N.

A NEW COURSE AT HOWARD

THE instituting of an elementary course in Latin at Howard University during the past Autumn has brought about something of a revival in classic interest. This interest is particularly significant for two reasons. In the first place, it shows that such a course is filling a distinct need, as has been seen by the ready response on the part of old and new students from many different departments. Secondly, this interest is of significance because it shows the possibility of overcoming the modern prejudice, or at least indifference, towards ancient languages.

There are many people today who are accustomed to say that Latin is a dead language and that it, therefore, has no practical advantages. For the time being, let us grant that it is a dead language, and see, nevertheless, if we cannot find in its pursuance enough practical advantages to justify a study of it. The student of English, through the Latin, has the opportunity of really understanding the fundamentals upon which his own laws of grammar and of rhetoric are based, of improving his vocabulary, and of acquiring a finer sense for selecting the correct word. The law scholar may come face to face with some of the greatest statesmen ever known, as well as with the direct principles of these lawmakers, as expressed in their original writings. The student of economics or of political science may study the legal systems of a nation, famous for its law-making qualities. These are a few of the practical benefits which appeal to people in various interests.

Now we may regard the question of Latin's being a dead language. Little need be said on this subject. It is impossible for a language which embraces fundamental laws and ideals to die, so long as these laws and ideals remain fundamental in the lives of nations. Moreover, Latin, the mother of the so-called "Romance Languages," can never die while the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese continue to be spoken.

M. C. H.

Special Articles

THE DRAMATIC ELEMENTS IN NEGRO LIFE *

By W. H. A. MOORE

WE HAVE come slowly to recognize that we know more about human experience than we do about life. We *are*; we are quite sure, but there is where we come to a full stop and begin to look about us and above us in disquieting contemplation of the living presence of the universe. We call its vastness Infinity; we name its revelations Beauty; we record its intonations, and, revelling in the rhapsodic distillations of its spirit, acclaim this wonder of it Music. It is in the talent of our instinct to seek the truth that we discover life is something more than being. Without the possession of this knowledge existence would be barren, the stars nothing more than points of light, the hours simply the time in which to earn our bread and multiply upon the face of the earth. Hence there is the impulse to gather in groups—the herding instinct of our animalistic ancestry rounded to a development wherein instinct is lifted to the visionings of reason, while Life's mysteries deepen to mad depths of confused conceptions of birth, being and death. Two distinct expressions of social instinct are asserting their presence in the maze of social dispositions shaping the character of the American social order—the African and the Nordic. Both, in their particular way, ever have been dominating social determinators throughout the stormy course of human history. The role of the underling, at odd times, has been the social portion of each. It makes for queer fashionings of fate and leaves little upon which to place conclusion which clearly placates the humanistic aspiration to stand erect among the living creatures on the earth. Yet the "Superior Concept" is dramatically with us, peering vampishly from behind Lady Windemere's fan or petulantly voicing its protests against the inept prickings of life's inequalities throughout the tragic exclamations of Lear's disillusionments. There are even those among us who leap from the fertile valley of the Congo over to the sandy prospects and long buried splendors of Tutankhamen's futile pronunciamientos against the inexorable insistence of Time's demand for a first place in the empiric social schemes of man. But the social instinct will not be estopped. It goes ever forward, if not always upward. The Greeks climbed to the top of Olympus and there stood bewildered in the presence of Infinity. They peopled the whereabouts with the spiritual

* An address delivered before Faculty and Students of Howard University, in Andrew Rankin Memorial Chapel, May 2, 1923.

essences of their aspirations to be and to know and then returned to the lower levels, built the Acropolis, chiselled idealized replicas of the race's heroes and heroines out of the living marble of their hillsides, and then dreamed and philosophized with Aristotle and Plato until Rome crushed them to an untimely death beneath the chariot wheels of a social bent for power which lives even unto the present's eventful hour. Europe arises out of this conflict of social instincts a creature of astounding powers. The tremendous spiritual strength of Thebes has been dulled by the erosive blight of the struggles for social dominance, but human life begins to seek the gladder times and there comes to the consciousness of men a quaint realization that while spirit is not substance, it somehow does much to soften the austere outlines of the materialities of being. Thoughtless desires were never the pulsings of profound needs. The yearn for power, after all is thought about it, is often blind to the presence of weakness. Society has fattened on this intemperate feeding at the expense of its gift to soundly reason. Hence, the savage stretches of history are strewn with the bleached bones of slain souls where there should be wheat growing, cattle grazing and houses lighted with beauty and the purpose of love. Touched with a sense of our own life needs, it does not matter that, while we had a somewhat hazy notion of the amplitude of Egyptian art, we did not even faintly appreciate the sweep and depth of its rounded spirituality. We of the darker hue recognized its apt sympathy with our own spiritual nature, but it was a recognition that was prompted by the desire to establish a kinship to a social instinct that had given clear shape to the development of human society. We are far down in the scale of the world's social tempers. Our senses hungrily feast on the wonders of the brilliant pageant carrying us to we know not whither, but our feet are heavy and in spite of the driving urge of its march we have not held a front place in the grand processional. It is our instinct to live socially that has saved us for the coming of the future day. Thus when the tombs of ancient Egypt's royalty are opened and their priceless treasures are laid before our enraptured sight, we begin to feel and recognize the tremendous spiritual accents of continental African life very much in the fashion that our brothers-in-white respond to the transcendent exclamations of Europe's social hopes. This brings us to a recognition of the great life fact that there is a common social bond prevailing among human beings because each one is rich in the possession of the fundamentals of life's social purpose. Ours is an harmonically accentuated social impulse. When we come to know its golden values; the spiritual beauty of its colorings; the profound vocalities of its singing; the infinite sweep of its never resting aspiration—then will we come to know our kinships, not to the cultural and social relationships of any particular social exclamation, but to the deeper wonderings of those fellows in life who note the eternal beauties of the stars and

love the hills, the fields and the leaping mysteries of the seas. This is what we mean when we speak of the social instinct.

The evolution of the dramatic element in life comes from our feeling for play. "It is an absolute perfection, and, as it were divine, for a man to know how to enjoy his being loyally," said the lovable Montaigne as long ago as the time of the Third Henry of France. And what could be a more enjoyable perfection of life than the playing of life. Thus the jester and the minstrel come to us with a laugh and a jovial song and a heart, oftentimes, flooded with the waters of pain. Near and far the days are steeped in fury, thrilled with valor and enthralled with the enchantments of love. A moving drama of the multiplied complexities of existence personalized by the spirit of play and deified by those ponderable extravagances that picture the glow lights and more immense achievements of men. The substance and the shadows of life are definite in outline and precise in presence. What makes for the mystery of life's variabilities are the motivations of the spirit of life. What is there behind it all? Why does a woman laugh while her heart is breaking? Why does a man kill who is the father of a cooing babe? Why is the day alive with a thousand thoughts of conquest? Why is the night peopled with the countless host of the dead who have lived and loved and laughed and labored with us? In the effort to enjoy our being loyally we seek to operate the machinery of life by dramatizing its occurrences and re-enacting its experiences. It does not matter that Hamlet never was of us, but it is the ripeness of material importance that Shakespeare was concerned with the mystification of that phase of life we have come to know as death. We are all Shakespeares in our curiosity to know what it is all about. Hence we enact death and simulate life in the hope that we may come to know the mysterious reason for each. We know King Lear as the tragedy of old age—old age chilled to a bitter dying by the indifferent ingratitude of youth—indubitable, stark and bare as the naked stretches of a wide desert, yet spiritualized by a love that knows not aught of death. Our needs are made the plainer to us by the promptings of our desires. This is how society comes to be. This is how man comes to the wish to know himself. What better ways could he devise to reach the why of his life's course than the rehearsals of its stories and the portrayal of its themes? It is the impulse lying at the base of all Art. But primarily it is in the completed structure of Art that men have exerted their souls to acclaim human life the counterpart of the Infinite. Too inclusive a dream, I grant you, but its magnificent extensions founded for us the drama wherein are visualized the detached ranges of all the experiences through which we come to realize the presence of existence. It is the fact that men have ever reached out for the attainments of truth. What he would know of himself is bound within the spirit of his hope to find and know a God. It is but natural

that he pictures God in the likeness of a human being and Satan as the embodiment of all human passion. We raise the veil of life in dreams, our hands and arms are too weak to lift its immeasurable weight. Homer, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, are the golden heritage of the play spirit of the ages. They are fuller exclamations of our insatiable curiosity to see, to feel, to know. Shelley saw a world turned topsy-turvy amidst a mass of accelerated confusions. The sight dazed his sensitive soul and his delicately attuned conscience falters, at odd moments, because it has "To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite"; and "To forgive wrongs darker than death and night." But it is in the very woof and warp of these strangely interlaced reactions that there is disclosed to us those imponderable wonders of life's untranslated beauty. We know life is real, and yet I am sincerely certain that its more definite realities are hidden from us by the marvellous mystifications of birth and death. Should we lose our faith in day, night would bring us no stars. Doubt comes to harry our souls because we close our eyes against the Sun. And yet there are the genuine compensations of doubt—those varying, and, at times, vexing panoramas of the soul's dramas wherein are pictured what we feel of passion, what we divine of love, what we visualize as beauty. Religion, no matter where we find it, is the manifested reverence of the thing good—that impulse which bends our knees in the prescence of the unknowable and opens our minds to the knowledge of the sacred relationships of the soul to the infinite expansions of the Eternal. It is our further bent as it is our further study to attempt the impossible. That is what I mean when I declaim that the evolution of the dramatic element in life comes from our feeling for play. We are ever attempting to recount our experiences in the terms of their undiscoverable realities. But we evolve drama in the effort. We picture life as we imagine it. We own to the possession of character as fancy fashions its outlines. We know that reason will mock us "Like the sun from a wintry sky," but what care we about the mocking of the winter sun if we can dream that we have approached the solution of the mystery of life. How else could we have realized our possession in Hamlet? How else could we have known of the delicately satirized shafts of wit which find their being wherever Lady Windemere discovers need insinuatingly to wave her magic fan? We live life as we must. But apart from its ever-present austerities we seek to understand why it elects to walk blind and bound into the presence of that "other darkness or that other light."

It may be true that we are living face to face with the making of a new world here in America. God grant that no miscalculation will come to light in the wake of this announcement. Good news it is to learn that the misgivings of the Anthony Trollope, deftly counterpointed by the devil and his corps of capable assistants, are no longer current, lowering the social credit of the nation among the other peoples of the earth.

And yet, for the more general purposes of this discussion it may be well to give a heartfelt consideration to what I shall call "The American Cultural Impulses," I am aware that I am facing the difficulty that is always attached to the determining of what is American, un-American or hyphenated American in whatever might be one's thought concerning the social ebb and flow of the fluent life spirit seeking expression here in the world's greatest Democracy. What is the American background? You will remember that it was Heine who marvelled that out of what he conceived to be the dastard conglomerations of English life there should come a Shakespeare. In other words, what he established as the background of English life brought him exasperating wonder when he beheld Will Shakespeare emerge from its shadows. Poetry societies are being born everywhere throughout the South—the most nearly American portion of the nation. As yet scarcely no poetic aroma worth the name has come to us from any section in the land. But to me it appears as a clear sign of social growth that poetry is pushing for a comfortable place at the fireside of Southern American life. The artist is about to take the place of the lyncher in the life course of the people in our Southern States. The experiment is being closely watched. In fact, the nation must produce more Hawthornes and fewer breveted colonels and brigadier generals. Our cultural background must be heightened in color and sustained by a more certain concern in the spiritual health of all the elements which constitute the citizenry of the Republic. For the artist is not the whole of art. He is but the creator of the things which made for the substances of Art. The grocer and the cotton-picker must be induced to buy pictures, see plays and read poetry or else the Art spirit of the nation will surely perish. The levels of culture shall be raised to where they will be seen clearly by the people. Wherever the sound of Culture's speech is faint, men sink to the lowliness of an inept and common social level. The superior social complex has no base in the mental contortions of mere assumption. I am remembering that I am making no plea for the granting of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to the Negro or any other element of the American people. My endeavor is more interested in the extension of those sweeps of social venture that might give solid values to our measurements of social superiority. Being black or white has nothing to do with the case. In the continuity of history races have erected social structures of magnificent proportions where the grandeurs of power were no more expressive than the placements of their supreme beauty. A blithe impertinence it is for men to forget yesterday. What we have inherited from yesterday is that weakness of vision that cannot see in the master of now the wretchedness of the slave of another day and time. Culture strengthens life to a real majesty of spirit. It has a finer place in practice than it has in preachment. Humanity is not a vagary; it is a fact. Culture is Humanity reflected in the voiceless splendor of the stars; it is love seeking beauty

in the quiet depths of the night; it is faith who keeps her eyes to the East, knowing that the Dawn will give beauteous heralding of the coming of the Sun. But there is a narrow nationalism abroad in the land marring wastes, we sometimes imagine, but nature never fails to provide against color, race and the unfamiliar faiths of religion. In these untoward aspects of our national life lie the threats of national dissolution. Nature wastes, we sometimes imagine, but nature never fails to provide against absolute decay. Hers is a method of the sounder substitutions. It is seeming waste we see, the real and profounder alchemy of nature's chemical reactions is distilled for us in the pale purity of the lily and the golden glory of growing wheat. There is no sound reason in pursuing the absolute. There is with us, nevertheless, an intensive necessity to reach out for the varying accents of perfection. This will bring us into a more intimate acquaintance with those dramatic tempers of being that are wholly related to the devotions of Culture and distinctly included in the tremendous flow of that creative passion which produced King Lear, the greatest drama of all the ages, and evolved Hamlet, the most baffling character in the history of English literature.

That the Negro is a really potential social element in whatever we may deem to be the vital life aspects of the American social order is no longer a question for serious controversy. Readjustment of the points of contact, a closer consideration of temperamental values and a wiser contemplation of what we could call the spiritual assimilation of the two great social instincts reaching up, side by side, in the most stupendous effort to bring to men social emancipation that has ever motivated the dreamings of human society. It is affecting the cultural no less than it has disturbed the political and economic currents of the nation's social purposes. Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, and, perhaps, an actor or two, are the signal instances which bring proof positive that abiding social progress is among us alert with life and inspired by the glows of faith. Social superiority is not fixed by the determined asseverations of assumption. This fact firmly held in our thought of what are our social needs—the common social emoluments coming to the common social units of the nation—gives a more than fairly clear perspective of what we can socially expect to come to us as an inheritance from the struggle for human emancipation and human social progress. The strength of the human soul is to be found in the substances of the human spirit. When the Negro's vision is widened, when his thought of his own fine social value is deepened, a new and worth-while social declaration will be added to the documentary social Constitution of the great American Democracy. Because he is so stout a link in the chain provides the reason that he shall look about him and pick out a work to do that will count most for the common good. When I take into account the Negro's supreme possession of esthetic inclination, I am made proud to know that

the Department of Dramatics attached to Howard University is adding lift and the line and colorings of a supernal beauty to the spiritual prospects of the nation. In the more general aspects of the life phases contributed by ourselves to the social acclamations of the American people I shall take occasion here to give voice to my personal protest against the inane flourishes of an almost contemptible dependence upon the others to do the work we must be brave enough to do for ourselves. Who better than ourselves should know what is best for our particular social welfare? I confess I can see no one but the saintly figure of my own race spirit standing in the doorway offering its splendid physical powers and giving of its divine feeling for beauty all that I may need to afford me the strength to stand erect and gently proud among the races of men. America's denials for us will bear only bitter fruit for the soul of America. We must not stop to wail about rights; we must concern ourselves with the impressive presence of our duties. Like the poor, probably, they are with us to stay. These duties, mind you, are not ours alone. They constitute the larger work of the American people. They are of the nation's dramatic elements of character, they are the base of the nation's cultural work, they are vital and beautiful and therefore of the Eternal. The realisms of being are, after all, closely akin to the idealisms of existence. Life and spirit may not be wholly one thing, but each one is a part of the whole and must be impelled to respond to the actualities of living's more imperative needs. Knowledge and culture, therefore, are the twin spiritual creations of life. The knowledge of how to conjugate a Greek verb is of important educational value; the possession of the beauteous spirit of Greek culture abiding in the decaying lineaments of the Acropolis and in the recorded wisdom of Aristotle and Plato and the great Greek dramatists is of infinitely higher educational value. This does not mean that we shall shirk the physical work of life—there is much of honor in the performance of honest work—but it does imply that our final place in American life will have its value determined by what we finally possess in spiritual vision. As an integral part of American life we shall vote, attain the planes of a sensible social equality and raise our concepts of culture to those spiritual altitudes where the fuller American life shall be richer than it is at the moment in those promptings of the soul which reach out for the truth, love and the beauty of life.

American Negro life in its simpler aspects holds much of charm for me. "Mammy Monuments" do not attract me, but the simple, confiding nature of our Mammy's heart is a lovable possession of mine. I am in fullest agreement that the loss of the old-time slave "uncle" and "mammy" is to be deplored. Time and the insistence of social progress are ever taking the joy out of life. But nature, whatever other notion we may have about the matter, is a temperate task master. The quite alluring

situations of the slave social order has departed from our solicitous midst. In its place has come a persisting where-do-I-come-in-at? which is extremely annoying and somehow out of joint with him who has been reduced from the high places of the master to the commonplace levels of the equal. But, nevertheless, we all desire to keep a firm hold on the aromatic flavors of the American slave period and the American slave character because of their tragic beauty and the soft wailings of their tender beatitudes of aching urge and sorrows. It is a priceless heritage. The aspects of death were never so touchingly beautiful, birth never more pathetically revealed, life never so transcendently simple as when the American slave mother suckled at her life-giving breast the children of sacred conception and the spirit of holiest faith. There has come to us a wider and, I believe, a profounder life outlook. The African is no dwarf in spiritual stature. It asserts a moral certitude of nature almost divine in its worship of beauty. Its heart is warm because the African plains and valleys are warm with the tempers of liberal giving. It thinks simply and in the accents of melody because the African hills are aglow with hope and the African rivers are alive in the quiet majesty of a noble strength. To my mind this is why many of us cling to the grey tinted regrets that creep into our innermost hearts as we see the more suppliant pageantry of the American Negro's life course vanishing in the swirl and more tempestuous march of what we are justly accounting the upward reachings of the human race. It is an inspiring emergence. Less direct, perhaps, in its appeal to the senses, but certainly more potent in its creation of a wider and more profoundly spiritual is the impulses to live and do. We have no need to subscribe to the "child race" pronouncement. But life simplicity is a holy something—the something which somehow keeps human souls sweet and clean. It is the base of true character. It increases the values of knowledge and it enhances the worth of culture. The hope of the American social order will find its safest refuge in the resilient simplicity of the African nature. Here is where the finer American Art spirit will grow its most pliant and life-giving roots. Someone has said recently "The English tradition is the most powerful, the most victorious in the world, but it is also the most inimical to Art." The American tradition, despite its strong effort to be otherwise, is dominantly English in nature. It owns persistent initiative, but it is sluggishly responsive to those impacts of the spirit of life not included in the table settings of life's purely physical appetites. This thought inclines me the more to an appreciation of what we are wont to regard the simple aspects of the Negro's life. What it lacks in possessions of the substances of materiality and the gross urge of the physical appetite it provides in basic tendencies of feeling for what we need to know about and to have of love for all the dispositions of Art. There are the powerful and the beautiful in life. There are the strong and the tender among the races of men. Each in his separate way has given of

his life's blood that the race might live and grow. He can do no less and have his being. If he lives true, he owns the right to be simple. If he lives long and well, the world will be glad of his living and there shall come to men a greater and more beautiful drama of life. More power to the simpler life.

"I assume that the dramatic elements in Negro life are to be found in the simpler stresses of its actualities. The genius of the race is stoutly for the accentuations of life expression. When it is the most sorrowful, it sings sweetly. When it would inflict pain, it laughs like a child at play. When one of us is about to die, we implore the stars and imagine we are looking at the face of God. It is a definite vital force of life anxiously seeking the light, yet capable of finding a clear contentment in the shadows. It reports a frank, open countenance behind which, however, lies a mysterious spiritual power as profound as the length of the ages. All through the immense stretches of history it has mothered Art and builded the foundations of the world's strongest dynasties. A dual souled creature endowed by nature with those mystic gifts of potent vision which sees life in the hills and interprets the singing of the sea. No other race could have survived the foul emanations of the American slave system and come out of it except by the pathways of death." What richness of dramatic wealth doth here remain! What aptitude for dramatic expression; what stores of material for dramatic picturing! Among the innumerable individualistic worlds created by modern Art none are more original than the pictures of the slave songs and none more dramatic in their wondrously beautiful appeal. The American social life has refused to stage this startling drama of sorrow and laughter. Art in America stands abashed and ashamed in the presence of social dominance. Spiritual creation is too unsubstantial to satisfy the American crave for material gifts. It is not wholly a sensible endeavor to overlook the wide-awake concern of America for a high maintenance of the civil liberty precept of government. In many of its aspects it expresses a splendid desire for a full contentment of living for its varying elements. I shall allow that the King's person is not a welcome presence unless it is embodied in the individual who would lead a party or amass a fortune. And yet the warm nature of the Negro has been chilled by the ironic blasts of the deliberate indifference of America to the spiritual fineness of his tropical nature. Not that he was fully conscious of its intrinsic value, but because, unconsciously, he felt the prickings of a sharp and cruel social bent designing to another his soul. But have we not cause for wonder that the Art spirit of the American Negro has not given us yet but few indications that it possesses the power to soar? The isolated instances of our supreme ability to create have been so scattered and few they have made but slight headway along the highways of popular or of discriminating acclaim. Mediocrity has usurped the throne and posed as the

royal ruler of our Kingdom of Art. Tracts have been too freely accepted by us as creations of literature; vaudeville sketches have been too readily accounted notable dramas, and orators have been too quickly accredited as the guardians of our affairs of state. But these untoward dispositions to enter where angels fear to dwell shall not blind us to the truths mirrored in the misty confusions of inept aspirations to be seen and heard. Art will not be denied her right to live. "Time stays, we go," the poet sings. I cannot refrain from making mention of the Irishman's effort for freedom and independence for his race, and I cannot forget that the Irish drama played a most important part in the struggle. This drama not only pictured the bleeding soul of the Irish people, it also laid bare the sordid breast of a lecherous treachery of spirit which brought the flush of shame to its finer feeling for the beauty and song of life. But freedom in its fuller volume is about to become the heritage of the Irish people by reason of the picturing of the beauteous purity of its inner soul contrasted with the horrible depths into which its spirit had been plunged and buried through a long night of distracted centuries. The dramatic elements, however, are strongly set in the Irish nature. Its gifts of dramatic creation have long been known. But the rich dramatic treasures of its own strange life remained unrevealed until Synge, Yeats, Dusany, Lady Gregory, and their co-workers dug from the bog and the rugged by-paths of the Irishman's island the blatant spirit and the golden soul of the Irish race and showed them to the world clear in truth and spirit. A short while ago we got our first "close-up" view of the modern Russian plays and their players. We lost something of the spirit of the plays, I fancy, because so many of us are not schooled in the intricacies of the Russian language. But as finely sustained was the ensemble of their presentation that we are now enabled to sustain a more intimate knowledge of the social mechanics and spiritual tempers of Russians than we have heretofore enjoyed. My chief wonder, in the two instances I have mentioned concerning the Irish and Russian groups of plays and players I have had the good fortune to see and hear, comes from the familiar cadences of their representation and the clear verisimilitude of their action as I have seen them related in the life experiences of my own people. Humanity is very human, very simple, very beautiful. Wherever it is most human, most simple, most beautiful, there we will discover the dramatic elements of life in profuse measure of diversity and in colorful aspect of benignant attitude. Again my thought turns to the significant purpose of the plan and work of Howard University's Department of Dramatics. The dramatic elements in the Negro nature are eloquent and nobly tonal. They include the desire to live beautifully, to suffer patiently, to laugh heartily, to love dearly and to dream true. What shall we do to preserve the deeper respirations of this ready response to the higher demands of Art? Art is a benign soul, where the behests of her laws are sincerely reflected in the life bent of a

social aspiration. Herein lies the chief and permanent value of the Negro nature to the upward aspiration of the American social order. The American hope to live a profound acclamation of what shall survive of the spirit of Democracy is indissolubly woven into the inspirations of the Art spirit of the Negro nature. That is our social mission on the Western Hemisphere. The dramatic elements in the Negro's life are of first importance because they are easiest understood and the more graciously accepted of our evident and manifold fine social qualities. My prayer is for a long and happy career for the Dramatic Society of Howard University.



THE NEW CREATIVE ART

By J. ALPHEUS BUTLER, JR., '26

I

THERE has recently run the gamut of America's battery of relentless critics a most remarkable poem, which has been, as seems to be the fate of vital creative work today, on the one hand condemned with unspeakable zest and on the other extolled to the realm of the works of the immortals. Nevertheless, T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" is gradually emerging into its own, even as it should. With a symbolism and method at once individual and strikingly effective, despite the fact that the uninitiated reader may find it necessary to refer to sources for a complete understanding of the work, Mr. Eliot's poem begins:

"April is the cruelest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain. . . ."

Thus beginning with that note of pain, reminiscence and desire which runs throughout the whole poem, Mr. Eliot presents what he considers the waste land of today: London, the Unreal City, now "under the brown fog of a winter dawn"; Stetson, who planted a corpse in his garden to grow; the Thames, remaining sweet, but at its very brink a cold blast, a "rattle of the bones, and a chuckle spread from ear to ear"; Philebus, the handsome and fine Phoenecian, now dead in the sea; and the decay of Eastern Europe. Looking out over the whole spectacle of civilization today, the poet sees only "rock . . . and no water and the sandy road."

Looking over the creative world of today, one encounters very nearly the same spectacle. According to the verdicts of the critics for the past five years the most important literary artists of today, or those who would surely stand in the front rank of any grouping of creative artists are: Joseph Hergesheimer, James Branch Cabell, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather and Mr. H. G. Wells, though the last named tends somewhat to play the role of the prophet and reformer. Critics who would agree with this selection are Carl van Doren, Hugh Walpole, Henry Seidel Canby and a group of less significant figures in the critical world. These five figures are as one in their desire to see perpetuated ideals of truth and beauty. In the case of H. G. Wells, this quest takes the form of a desire for a more utopian world. In the case of Sinclair Lewis, this quest takes the form of pungent satire on the American small town and the American business man. In the case of Willa Cather, especially demonstrated in her novel, "One of Ours," it takes the form of Claude's defeat in his quest for purities too great and good actually to find realiza-

tion in a world of trivialities and leads to the somewhat sombre conclusion that there is no place for the idealist in the civilization of today, and that the best that can be hoped for by the fine and aspiring is ultimate death. In the case of James Branch Cabell, the quest for truth and beauty, his desire for the fine gallantry of the romantic days of chivalry, reaches fruition in the creation of an imaginative cycle of romance all his own. In Joseph Hergesheimer, a very significant figure, we have a type of imaginative, colorful, historical recreation. Hergesheimer, for example, weaves the tapestry of his stories against the backgrounds of Havana, Cuba, the Kentucky mountain region, the Pennsylvania iron fields, the orange groves of Florida, taking such themes as the quest of youth for purity, the life of the modern girl elevated to a plane of actual, intensive beauty, the tracing of the destiny of three generations of iron founders. In such novels, then, as *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, *Jurgen*, *Figures of Earth*, *One of Ours*, *A Lost Lady*, *Men Like Gods*, *The Three Black Pennies*, and *Cytherca*, we may see the highest reaches of creative art in America today. Viewed in contrast to the waste land, which is the actuality of T. S. Eliot's picture, they synthesize the one idea: our civilization lacks the most vital element of art—devotion to ideas and ideals of truth and beauty.

Turn now to a new force coming into American literature, viewing it in the light of existing creative standards of excellence, and inquiring into its possibilities for making a distinct contribution to the civilization of America today. Inquire whether or not cultural possibilities lie in it; whether or not it will enrich the contribution America has to make to the literature of the world; whether it will enrich the total creative treasures of human minds.

The following novels may well represent the contribution of the creative artist thus far in the sphere of the Negro novel: *The Marrow of Tradition*, by Charles W. Chestnutt; *The Uncalled*, by Paul Laurence Dunbar; *The Quest of the Silver Fleece*, by W. E. Burghardt DuBois; *Black and White*, by H. A. Shands; *Birthright*, by T. S. Stribling; *Holiday*, by Waldo Frank, and *Cane*, by Jean Toomer. The first of these novels, though superbly entertaining, lacks the throbbing, pulsing truth and beauty, the vision of synthetic quest, without which no novelist can be truly great. The second, *The Uncalled*, by Paul Laurence Dunbar, is unauthentic because Dunbar is essentially a splendid poet and does not work at home in the medium of the novel; consequently his book lacks the balance, poise and power of the true novel. The third, *The Quest of the Silver Fleece*, by Dr. DuBois, is characteristically rich and fluent in style, failing only in one respect, lack of restraint. The laws of art are inexorable, and one of the demands culture places on art is that art shall be art and not effervescence. The fourth, *Black and White*, is a mere photographic study of the lethargy and menial-mindedness of the contact between white and black in a

small and surprisingly insignificant American small town. *Birthright* is, to my mind, the least important contribution in the whole group. Stribling wrote *Birthright* for money. He realized, as any sane and civilized man who adopts an impartial view of the subject will realize, that the Negro is a factor in American life which in due course of time will make its appearance in American literature. The Century Magazine, just being taken over by that liberal thinker, Mr. Glenn Frank, expresses its desire for all material pertaining to the American scene. I desire to venture the assertion that Stribling wrote *Birthright* for the Century, and for notoriety, not for any artistic reason. As a true or interpretative or beautiful book it falls flat; and truth, the presentation of a fresh and interpretative viewpoint, and beauty are laws of art which can neither be twisted nor avoided. *Holiday* is the voice of a true artist speaking in his own medium. The fact that Waldo Frank is a true artist and is not speaking to the tune of popular demand is evidenced by his selection of a theme which is, to say the least, daring—that of the relations between an intelligent Negro youth and an educated Southern white girl. From the advertisement of the publisher I glean that Jean Toomer's *Cane* will prove interesting.

We have thus far ascertained two very significant and vital facts: First, that in the midst of the waste land of our present civilization and its uncertainty as to the future we have a group of sincere creative artists determinedly searching for beauty and a better state; second, that a new force is making its appearance into American literature.

II

Let us inquire into the nature of this new force coming into American literature. Does it present possibilities that are worth while? Will its ultimate development in the future American life and civilization offer any contribution to the rich emotional, spiritual or mental potentialities of the human mind and human culture? Choosing the novel as the most convenient, representative and universal medium through which the traits of the Negro mind may be introduced into the company of the world's best thought, and keeping in mind that most delightful passage of Thackeray's on the universality of the appeal for fiction in which he speaks of "the appetite for fiction extending to the end of the world; far away in the frozen deep the sailors reading them to one another during the endless night; far away under the Syrian stars, the solemn Sheidhs and elders hearkening to the poet as he recites his tales; far away in the Indian camps, where the soldiers listen to —'s tales or —'s, after the hot day's march; far away in little Chur yonder where the lazy boy pores over the fond volume and drinks it in with all his eyes . . .," we propose to view the field and humbly present our forecast of the possible results.

We shall choose as working points the axioms that real creative art

must present the sphere of human life seen through a personality that is at once vivid, forceful or restrained and calm, and that the material used must in itself be worthy of recreation by this personality. The material for the American Negro novelist is the American Negro, his emotional and mental evolution from the slave type down to the type of today. If the Negro novelist is also to assume the role which H. G. Wells would have the creative artist assume and turn prophet as well as historian, he must also visualize the Negro of the future. We do not propose to dwell at length on the content of the material for the Negro novelist, on the richness of its emotional values, the fervor of its religious values, the beauty of the quest of the black man for the finer existence, emancipated entirely from the round of manual labor which has long been his lot, which some would forecast as his destiny. This is too obvious; even now the world has shown its appreciation in its reception of the spiritual, that finest flowering thus far of the emotional strivings of the Negro. We think it will be far more fruitful to forecast the personality which will successfully, finely, beautifully present this material for the consideration of posterity and all future civilizations.

III

Francis Bacon said, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." With this startling declaration he proceeded to make for mankind what it never knew before, to open up new avenues in the world of intricate and beautiful thought. An old Greek proverb runs: of any one who disappears he has died or become a schoolmaster. Theodore Roosevelt, even though a collegian once, shook off the ties of the academician and became one of the greatest figures of the century. Erasmus, that dominating figure of the renaissance, was a product of synthesis. He welded the splendid heritage of the classic poets and philosophers and the glorious messages of the gospels into "one rich synthesis, cleared from the rust and accretions of a thousand years, and turned them to the profit of a new civilization." The personality of the Negro novelist for the coming re-creation of Negro life will be the product of synthesis, of freedom from academic restraint, of a type of broad culture which shall fit him for his task of presenting to the archives of human thought the contribution of the rich, full genius of the Negro soul.

Within the coming decades the time will be peculiarly ripe for him, because of the inevitable reorganization of civilization which will and must come. Whether we agree with the utterance of Mr. Wells, elucidated by Glenn Frank, that a carnival spirit will next pervade the human scene and that we are headed for an era of fun and of laughter, or whether we take a more pessimistic attitude, the reorganization will be directly in line with new forces of creation. Without an era offering a receptive attitude the creative artist must perish without an understanding of his task and mission by men, even as the great Nazarene, Jesus

Christ, perished. Sir Walter Besant says: "One thing is essential, that he comes at the right moment. It must be when the time is ripe for him, when the people have thus been murmuring and whispering, when dreams of doubt have thus arisen to vex the sleeper; when the soul asks for words to interpret its own uneasiness. At such a moment came Peter the Hermit, when Western Europe was filled with a blind and unquestioning faith; when the stories brought home by pilgrims stirred all hearts in every village to their depths, and when there was wanted but a match to fill all the land with flames."

To the young Negro litterateur striving for recognition I sometimes think it should be said, Take heart and be true to yourself—that is the one road to distinction and to greatness, and I almost said it was the royal road. Remember with Voltaire that "a name famous too soon is a very heavy burden." And, if by any chance, the vision happens to elude you and you never know what you visualized as the "sweets" of fame, take consolation from Lord Lytton in *The Last of the Barons*, Book V, chapter 1, who in a gay and cheery mood exclaims: "Happy is the man who hath never known what it is to taste of fame—to have it is a purgatory, to want it is a hell!"



HOWARD ALUMNI YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

IN THE year 1915 Howard University recognized that its then School of Music could stand erect and forever thereafter be known as a Conservatory of Music. Instead of the usual diploma, the degree of Bachelor of Music should now be given such candidates as were deserving. Miss Lampton was the first to have the honor bestowed upon her. This single achievement has served in giving to the present-day music-



CORNELLA LAMPTON, MUS. B. '15

lovers a pianist of the most promising talents that the crop of newcomers has brought to light. Fortunate beyond the average, Miss Lampton has attracted much interest from such persons as Dr. Edward Dickinson of Oberlin, Percy Grainger and others.

It can be said emphatically of this young artist that she has devoted her efforts not alone for unity in art, but in education as well. It means, therefore, her personality radiates a composition—not the isolation of one element, however important, but

the blending of many apparently discordant elements into a unified and harmonious whole. She apparently does not believe that the language of music is a kind of mandarin dialect, set apart from the daily uses of the world; rather, "art when rightly understood promotes fraternity and not exclusiveness."

Such efforts as these must arouse a musical taste and appreciation especially among Howardites as will be incalculably great in every corner of the earth where Howard men and women live.

This season will bring Miss Lampton East. She will play before Washington's audience at the Lincoln Theatre December 12. Later she expects to be presented in Chicago in her first recital since her debut.

With fine fingers, great power and far more than ordinary interpretative gifts and attainments, Cornella Lampton continues her studies farther afield, ever in search for expressions of truth and beauty.

We quote the following excerpt taken from a testimonial of Radio Concerts given by Miss Lampton during the Summer months:

Radiophone Station WMAQ,

Hotel LaSalle,

Chicago, Illinois.

Your concert just concluded today was the best that has been received on our receiving set this Spring or Summer and probably the finest we have ever received here. The piano selections were great. Big volume, tone perfect, with no static or other disturbances.

With detector and two stages of audio frequency amplification and a magnavox, the music could be heard loud enough so that across the street people thought there was a piano being played in this store. Our set is about twenty feet back from the door.

Yours very truly, Freeport Electric Shop.

By K. D. BURRELL.

The Chicago Daily News Radio Station has secured Miss Lampton's services for the early Winter months.

ALUMNI NOTES

- '11—EDITOR CARL MURPHY, of the Afro-American, Baltimore, has been watching closely the development of our varsity football team. Upon the occasion of the Virginia Seminary—Howard game, he paid a visit to the Alumni Office and made a personal inspection of our new filing system, together with office equipment in general.
- '14—H. L. STEPHENS is developing a real Department of Science at Wiley University, Marshall, Texas. He was on the campus a few days ago and paid his respects to the Alumni Office.
- '17—LOUIS L. WATSON is coming through in big league form as a varsity football coach. Though a Howard man, he is practically unknown to Howardites, because of his retiring disposition during his academic days. The crimson S on his sweater for "Springfield" may be interpreted "Surprise," both as a successful coach and a Howard man, for in truth he is the big surprise of the season.
- '18—"SY" HILL has met with such professional success that he is said to have the largest dental practice in Kansas City.
- '19—DR. JOHN WALKER, who is practicing medicine in Akron, Ohio, is just recovering from a recent operation for appendicitis.
- '20—WILLIAM S. NELSON, after two years' study in Europe, is now a member of the senior class in the Divinity School at Yale University.
- '23—RUTH E. BUTLER is teaching Latin and French in Columbian Heights High School, Winston-Salem, N. C.

DR. CLYDE COLEMAN, former star halfback for Howard, is practicing dentistry in Seattle, Washington, with offices at 216 Twenty-second avenue.

THE following dentists of the class of '23 are in Washington studying for the State Board examination: Fletcher Barber, Jackson Davis, Cephas Parker, C. L. Smith, Joseph Johnson, Pleamon M. Rountree, William Burke, Benjamin Earley, J. T. Phillips, Frank Christmas and James E. Fennell.

HOWARDITES who have recently visited Alma Mater are: William K. Bell, '22; Harriet G. Heard, '15; William S. Nelson, '20; Dr. Clarence L. Smith, '23; Dr. C. Eugene Allen, '11; Dr. W. H. Washington, '19; Dr. J. R. Stroud, '04; Captain Campbell Johnson, '22; Dr. Arthur L. Curtis, '12, and Dr. Merrill Curtis, '17.

- '14-'20—DR. LLOYD H. NEWMAN has left for the Medical School of Harvard University, where for the next year he will do research work under the direction of Dr. Otto Folin, professor of biochemistry. Dr. Newman goes to Harvard as a Fellow of the Division of Medicine, National Research Council, Washington, D. C. The National Research Council awards each year, to graduates in medicine who demonstrate ability for research fellowships carrying stipends from \$1800 to \$2300 a year. The Fall list of some thirty fortunate candidates included Dr. Newman's name, whose fellowship carries \$2,300. During both his college and medical school career at Howard University, Dr. Newman maintained a high record of scholarship. After serving a year as an interne in Freedmen's Hospital, he was elected a clinical instructor in medicine on the faculty of the Medical School of Howard University.

'11—Th. T. B. LIVINGSTON is again on a visit to the United States and to his family in Washington after another season of effective work in South America. The years of hard work and the warm climatic conditions of his field have not in the least altered his genial disposition or his genuine Howard spirit.

'18—R. BADGER HARRIS has embarked upon the sea of matrimony with Miss Mary Cooper of Bridgeport, Conn., as the captain of his ship. May theirs be a peaceful and happy voyage.

'22—MISS SUZANNE GOIN is no longer our little "Sue," but Mrs. Grant Lucas, Jr., if you please. The wedding took place last Summer in Birmingham, Alabama. The bridegroom is a graduate of Dartmouth College, '21, and a member of the Howard University Junior medical class. He is the son of M. Grant Lucas, '95, '97L, and Dr. Marie D. Lucas, '14M. Who can say that campus courtship is a mere pastime? It may be a tie that binds through all eternity, let us hope.

DR. ERROLD D. COLLYMORE, a graduate of the Howard University Dental College (class of '23), now practicing at No. 201 West 143rd street, was assigned, on November 1st—Health Day—by the Oral Hygiene Committee of New York, to deliver a health lecture to the pupils of Public School No. 116 at 211 East Thirty-second street, New York City. The theme of the lecture was "The 100 Per Cent Body," with special reference to the care of the teeth and particularly the six-year molars. The doctor was very well received at the school and was accorded the most respectful, intense and sustained interest throughout the thirty minutes of his lecture. The applause at the end was spontaneous and hearty. He was highly congratulated by the principal for the manner of his delivery, for his ability to talk "down" to the pupils and for keeping them constantly interested. There were about 300 children—and all white.

November 10, 1923.

Professor Lightfoot, Editor-in-Chief, THE UNIVERSITY RECORD:

Dear Professor Lightfoot—I am sending the following copy of letter for publication in THE RECORD:

"Dear Dr. Balloch—Perhaps it would interest yourself and the Howard graduates to know that in the last examination report of the Scottish Conjoint Board, my name appeared among the successful candidates and was admitted—L. R. C. P. E., L. R. C. S. E., and L. R. F. P. and S. G. And have been enrolled on the British Medical Register in view of said qualifications. Yours very truly, (Signed)

"Charles W. Hines, D. D. S., Class '14."

Very truly yours,

EDWARD A. BALLOCH, Dean.

Lane College, Jackson, Tennessee, November 9, 1923.

Professor Lightfoot, Howard University, Washington, D. C.:

Dear Prof. Lightfoot—I am enclosing check for subscription to THE RECORD. Please send the issue for October.

I am head of the department of education here. The work is going fine. But I need the stimulus of my Alma Mater, which is splendidly given by THE RECORD, to keep my spirit in tact.

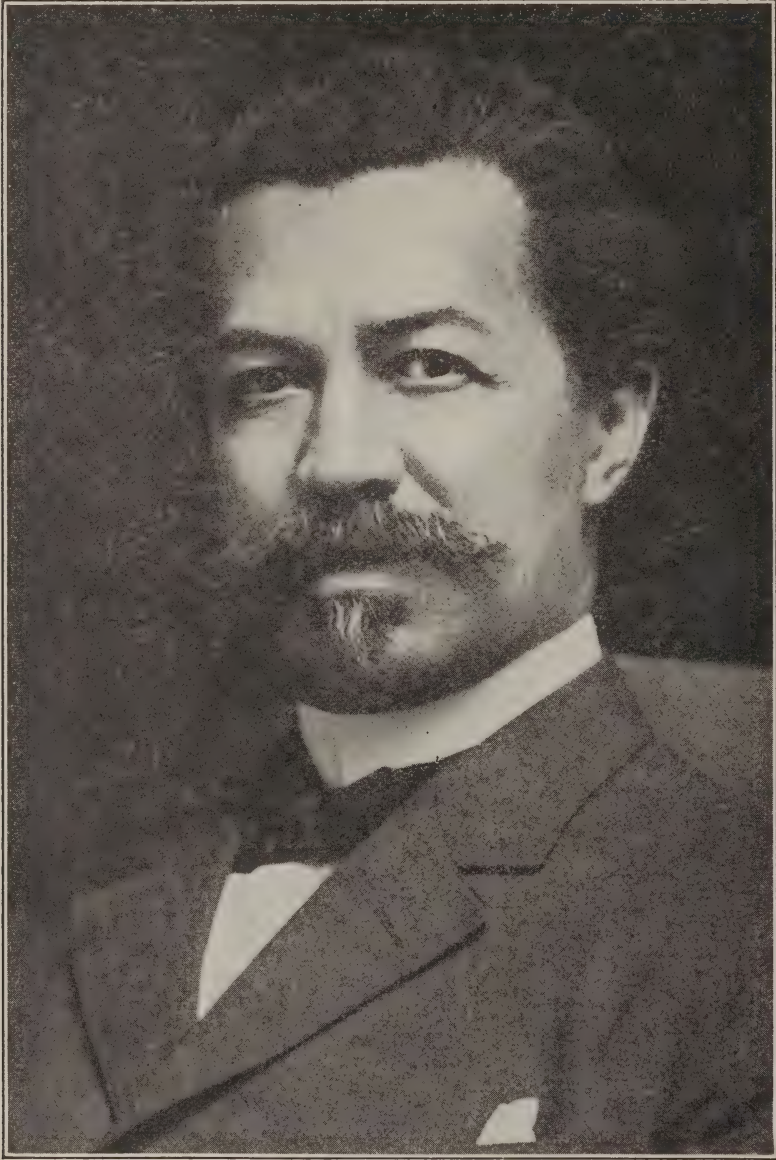
Best wishes for a year of success for Howard, I am

Very truly Yours,

REBECCA B. JONES.

OBITUARY.

PROFESSOR HUGH M. BROWNE died in the City of Washington, October 30, 1923. Hugh M. Browne was born in the City of Washington, 1851, and was related to



PROFESSOR HUGH M. BROWNE—CLASS OF 1875.

one of the oldest families in the city. He received his early education in the local public schools and at Howard University. He was graduated in the class of '75, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. After graduation from Howard, Mr.

Browne entered the theological department of Princeton University, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Theology three years later. He was an honor man at Princeton, having earned a foreign scholarship which entitled him to study in foreign universities. While at Princeton, Mr. Browne served as Pastor of the Witherspoon Presbyterian Church.

His interest in education was evidenced by the fact that he induced the public authorities to provide adequate educational facilities for the colored people of Princeton, which up to that time had been sadly neglected.

Rev. Browne then spent two years in travel and study in the universities of Scotland and Germany. Upon returning to the United States he was called to the pastorate of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church of New York City; but being filled with missionary zeal for the spiritual and social salvation of the race he heeded the call for the redemption of Africa and accepted a chair in the College of Liberia. It was here that he formulated definitely his educational method and policy for the welfare of the Negro race whether in Africa or in America. His educational philosophy was of a practical character. To this he adhered with unwavering tenacity. His basic principle did not differ widely from that of Booker T. Washington, only he did not so successfully wed this theory to a popular propaganda. Upon the collapse of the foundation of the College of Liberia, Prof. Browne returned to Washington, and was appointed teacher of physics in what is now the Dunbar High School. His correlative method of instruction, not only revolutionized his own department, but underlaid the foundation of the modern curriculum of our greatest secondary school. His practical method soon caught the attention of the Hampton Institute, where he was invited to introduce his system of instruction. Later he was called to Baltimore to organize the colored high school and place it on a modern basis. Up to that time this high school had been operated under white teachers but had not measured up to the requisite secondary standard. After completing this task, Prof. Browne was invited to rectify the work of the Institute For Colored Youth, in Philadelphia. The opening of the public schools to colored youth had made the work of the Institute a useless duplication of public instruction. Prof. Browne quickly grasped the situation and advised that the Institute be moved to the country and reorganized into a normal school for colored teachers along the lines of his well-known practical and correlative method. His suggestion was adopted and the Institute was removed to Cheyney, Pa., under his supervision and direction. The State of Pennsylvania has since taken over this school as one of the fourteen state normal schools. After readjusting the plan and curriculum of the Institute For Colored Youth, Prof. Browne resigned the principalship and spent two years in study of the educational methods in the German secondary schools, and returned to America and set up as a consulting educational specialist. His services in this capacity were eagerly sought by institutions which were aiming to have their curricula and methods brought up to date. Prof. Browne's educational work consisted essentially in the installation of method. In this regard he stands out as a unique example in the history of Negro education.

Prof. Browne possessed creative talent latent in the field of physics and practical mechanics. The United States Patent Office contains several patents indicative of his inventive genius.

Prof. Hugh M. Browne was a man of deep moral earnestness and genuine race patriotism. He belonged to the first generation of college-bred Negroes. His life, his character and his achievements abundantly justify the experiment of the higher education of colored youth of which he represents the first fruit.

KELLY MILLER.

UNIVERSITY NOTES.

COLONEL DICKSON LECTURES AT HOWARD.

ON Wednesday, October 24, Colonel Dickson, who saw service throughout the World War, lectured to a capacity audience of faculty and students at the chapel hour on "The Battle of Verdun."

Colonel Dickson literally charmed those who were present by his impressive soldierly bearing and his intense patriotism, as he vividly painted many of the scenes connected with that pivotal struggle still fresh in our memories.

The following statement was released by the Department of the Interior for morning newspapers of December 7, 1923:

THE registration of Howard University for the school year of 1922-23, netted 2,123, passing the 2,000 mark for the first time in the history of the University, according to the annual report for the fiscal year 1923. In addition to this registration, there were enrolled for the summer session, 154, making a grand total of 2,277 for the four quarters. Thirty-seven States and 13 foreign countries are here represented.

The supreme work of the year has been in raising \$250,000 as an endowment for the Medical School that a conditional gift of a like sum from the General Education Board might be met. This was successfully accomplished. This will insure some income for laboratory equipment and clinical opportunities and allow the school to retain its Class A standing which it could not have done without this income of \$25,000 yearly in addition to tuition fees, etc. The work of all the colleges in the school suffers from the absolute inadequacy of the present buildings, which date from 1869, and are obsolete so far as the requirements of modern medical, dental, and pharmaceutical teaching are concerned. It has been found necessary to limit entering classes to fifty each, and this is proving a serious limitation to the race, as at least 350 new doctors are needed each year. All the schools combined in America are graduating only about 60 colored doctors per year. For several years now, over 150 applicants each year have not been allowed entrance simply because of lack of equipment for them.

Howard University maintained its first regular summer session this year, opening with an enrollment of 154. The summer session is sure to fill a very great need among the colored educators of the country. The evening classes during the school year have also proved of great benefit, and since their inauguration in 1921, 236 have been enrolled, 127 of whom have been school teachers.

Financial Report.

The total assets of the University on June 30, 1923, were \$2,180,577.26, the investments of the endowment fund amount to \$350,052.24.

The report shows that the assets of the University have been increased during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1923, by \$45,636.28 due principally to addition to the plant, amounting to \$24,660.62 together with an increase of \$28,931.03 in

DR. ABERNETHY COMES TO HOWARD.

ON Sunday, November 11, at the Vesper Services, the students and friends of Howard University were favored with the presence of Dr. Abernethy, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, Washington, D. C. Dr. Abernethy based his sermon upon the Psalms. He told the stories of these beautiful songs and illustrated their

probabilities by analogous cases in history. He reiterated the statement of one of his late members, Warren G. Harding, that what the United States needs is a return to religious principles. This was the second of a series of inspiring services which are planned for the year.

H. A. D.

FIRST ANNUAL HONORS DAY.

THE assembly hour at Chapel, Wednesday, November 14, was given over to honoring those undergraduates who, during the university year, 1922-'23, attained a rank of grade "A" students. There was a large attendance of students and faculty to pay tribute to those who during the above mentioned year had by their ability, industry and character won this unusual success in the courses for the entire year. Fitting remarks by President Durkee, set forth the reason for appointing a day each year to be known as "Honors Day," on which special attention will be directed to those undergraduates who, by reason of their superior work, contribute most largely to scholarship—a vitally essential feature in the life of every institution of learning.

The principal address was delivered by Professor Edward P. Davis who, in a clear and straight-forward manner, emphasized the meaning and essential features of scholarship and pointed out the vital necessity of keeping this factor of university life up to the highest possible pitch.

Appropriate musical selections were rendered by the University orchestra. The programme of the exercises, together with a list of the fifteen grade "A" students for 1922-'23, follows:

FIRST ANNUAL HONORS DAY

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1923

CHAPEL—NOON

Howard University, Washington, D. C.

PROGRAMME

Selection by University Orchestra.

"Purpose of Honor Day".....President Durkee

Selection by University Orchestra.

AddressDr. E. P. Davis

Announcement of New Society.....Mr. Clifton Nelson

"Alma Mater."

GRADE "A" STUDENTS 1922-1923.

Bacchus, Percival	Chism, Bernice	Moore, Rachel G.
Bailey, Julia	Dean, Elaine J.	Nightengale, George E.
Bowman, John William	Nolan, Rosetta	Phillips, Algernon A.
Branchcomb, Helen V.	Dumas, Albert W.	Ruby, Mabel V.
Burwell, Lillian L.	Jones, Martha J.	Ruffin, Virginia.

SCHOOL OF RELIGION

REV. D. F. RIVERS, Pastor of the Berean Church, recently gave a thoughtful address to the members of the School of Religion.

Dean D. Butler Pratt attended the National Council of the Congregational Churches, at Springfield, Mass., October 17-22. Valuable friends were made for Howard by the visit.

The campaign for funds to endow the School of Religion is being planned and all the friends of the University will soon be informed of the details. The Medical School won in its effort. The School of Religion must not fail.

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

THE following is an extract from a letter from Dr. W. H. Maddux, Acting Superintendent, General Hospital, Colored Division, Kansas City, Mo.: "Howard men are usually splendid fellows in every way, and are certainly a credit to their school after they get here. Dr. Ballard, particularly, has impressed us, and we believe him to be all you say he is."

The equipment of the School of Medicine has been increased by several valuable pieces of apparatus, among them being a Hydrogen-Ion Concentration Apparatus, Sanborn Metabolism Apparatus, and Delineoscope. The Bacteriology Laboratory has been newly painted and equipped with several new piece of apparatus so that it is now equal of any laboratory. Twenty Dentechs and a Somnoform Outfit have been added to the equipment of the Dental College.

Dr. Arthur C. Thornhill, Medical, '22, has passed the New York State Board, and Dr. Lyle S. Suter, Dental, '23, has passed the Missouri State Board.

Our College of Pharmacy has now been given full recognition in the State of Maryland.

The report of the Committee on Admissions of the School of Medicine shows that two hundred and fifty-nine applications for admission to the Medical College, fifty-five applications for admission to the Dental College, and forty-five applications for admission to the Pharmaceutical College were received during the past year. Of this number there were ninety applications for admission to the Freshman Medical Class, who qualified with our requirements for admission in every way but were refused admission because of our inability to teach classes of more than fifty students. There were also forty other applications for admission to the Freshmen Medical Class, who made application after the quota for this class was filled. Their credentials were not, therefore, requested, and it is probable that many of this number were eligible for admission. Fifteen applications for admission to the Sophomore Medical Class, twelve to the Junior Medical Class, and two to the Senior Medical Class were also declined because of lack of room.

EDWARD A. BALLOCH, *Dean*.

FRESHMAN MEDICAL CLASS ELECTS OFFICERS.

At the first regular meeting of the Freshman Medical Class, the following officers were elected: President, Dr. George Herriott; Vice-President, Kelly Miller, Jr.; Secretary, Evelyn Lewis; Treasurer, Charles Boyd; Chaplain, Amos I. Foster.

SCHOOL OF LAW.

WITH the signal "Full steam ahead," given by Dean Booth, on October 1st, the old ship "Law School," got under way and has been hitting "four-forty" ever since.

The registration yielded one hundred and twenty-nine earnest men and women consecrated to the ideal of "culture for service" and determination to make goal by the route of a legal education. They realize that Howard University is pre-eminently the place to get what they want and they are here for that purpose. The Alma Mater will not fail them in the part allotted to her.

A SUCCESSFUL "FAILURE."

THE following excerpts from the pen of a lad who in the brief interim between his final examinations and the graduation raced over into the pig iron code State of Ohio, and without a moment's preparation came within an ace of passing that difficult bar—such a record tells of a "failure" of which no man should be ashamed. Read for yourself:

"20 July 1923.

Attorney James C. Waters, Secretary,
Howard University School of Law,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Friend:

I am taking this opportunity to write you a few lines to tell you not of a success, but of a failure. I am informed by the Clerk of the Supreme Court of Ohio, that my mark for the bar examination in June, this year, is 71.7, the passing mark is 75. Of course, I am not satisfied with such a showing, but I am not on the other hand, discouraged. It is, I believe, the most colossal setback that I have received in my life. I remember, only once, before that I failed in an examination and that one was in "Music," while I was in my academic work; that time I failed because I did not know "Music," and this time I failed because I did not know "Ohio Laws."

In justice to Howard University School of Law, and its worthy instructors, I will say that I am quite sure that my failure was not due to a lack of knowledge of the general law, and, although not boasting, I will say that I feel confident that I know the general law fairly well, and I had little trouble with it in my examination; I had no trouble whatsoever when I encountered a general question dealing with public service corporations and extra-ordinary legal remedies because they had been so effectively taught by you that I could not have failed to get them; the same is true of personal property, constitutional law, contracts, wills, equity and the other subjects thoroughly taught at Howard, but when I encountered a question dealing with the State law on any of the above-mentioned subjects I was so well informed, due to the fact that I had not spent very much time in studying the Ohio Code before taking the bar examination. I am now studying the Ohio Code very diligently and will take the bar examination again in December, this year, and I am determined to pass it. * * *

In conclusion, I wish to say that if my failure has been the cause of any Howard Law School official, teacher or student to bow his head in disgust or shame, I am very, very regretful that I rushed in an examination when I should have stayed out; but I will assure you that I am determined to pass that bar examination and with a mark that will, I hope, bring credit upon Howard and its instructors.

Very sincerely yours,

Class of 1923."

The letter quoted above tells a story of genuine achievement and the man who wrote it may take it as settled now once for all that the Dean and Faculty of Law have no misgiving as to what he will do after he passes that bar in Ohio, next month.

Those who attempted the Ohio bar in June numbered 494. They came, fresh off the griddle, from Ohio State, Harvard, Western Reserve and many other schools. Of these, 199 passed, including one colored lad from Cleveland Law School. When 60 per cent of a line-up fails in a bar test and the failures include many of the

products of the State's own law schools, a Howard man with three weeks' study of the local law and decisions of that State has no reason to bow his head. Eh? You tell it!

MERT DANIEL CHIPS IN.

PRESSING to a conclusion the grand program for the rehabilitation of the School of Law, which will be complete with the library additions now pending, the Trustees of the University have made it possible for us to employ temporarily an expert whose task for the next three months will be the preparation of a dictionary catalogue and shelf list of all the books in the law school library.

A. Mercer Daniel, Commercial, '06, Law, '09, out of the love and affection for his Alma Mater, volunteered to undertake this important work under circumstances of a positive personal sacrifice. In recommending to the Trustees the acceptance of Mr. Daniel's offer, the Faculty of Law by its secretary, wrote in part as follows:

"Besides being a graduate of two departments of the University, Mr. Daniel is one of the most consummate masters of detail I have every known. Entering the Government service in the War Department in October, 1906, Mr. Daniel became in 1921, a principal clerk in the office of the Chief of Finance, War Department. Recently Mr. Daniel was made librarian of the Finance Office Library, in which capacity he is now engaged in doing the very work he will assist in doing here."

Mr. Daniel entered upon his duties on October 18th. He will be in charge of the library each evening from 5 o'clock until 10. Already he has made his presence felt—which is no more than those who call him "Mert" would expect. Mr. Daniel also presented the school with two valuable additions to the library, and Dr. Andrew Wilson did the same. Thus, bit by bit, we move on.

CONDUCT IN PAIS.

BENJAMIN G. CLANTON, '11, of the firm of Clanton, Clanton & Jones, of Chicago, got "bawled out sumthin awful" for getting himself appointed assistant prosecuting attorney of the great State of Illinois and saying nothing about it. Some poke out upon being appointed town constable, but here's a modest chap who lands a \$6,000 job and doesn't open his mouth. Can you beat it? Mr. Clanton is attached to the night court in Chicago.

LOUIS R. MEHLINGER, '21, signalizes the warning twelvemonth by entering the teaching profession as member of the Frelinghuysen University faculty of law, and by winning promotion to an assistant attorneyship in the Department of Justice, the first of his race to be so recognized. This shows that the doughty captain can strut his stuff in more ways than in a military uniform.

W. ASHBY HAWKINS, '92, of Baltimore, G. HENRY MURRAY, '14, and R. R. HORNER, ESQ., of the local bar, are slated to appear as marksmen worthy of their bows before the Interstate Commerce Commission on November 28th, when they will argue exceptions to the examiner's report in the Evans case. Mr. Evans, while enroute through West Virginia, to a point in Ohio, was arrested at Ashland, Ky., for refusing to submit to a "Jim Crow" order at the Kentucky State line. The case promises to make important racial history before it is finally settled.

ROBERT J. DICKEY, '91, checks in from Franklin, where rumor has it that he will hang out his shingle as a member of the Kentucky bar. Dickey is not made of the stuff out of which they mold failures. Nuf ced.

WILLIAM I. BLAKE, who trained with the grand old Class of 1911, was along with Cole, Lane and Koger in passing the Maryland bar in June. Our failure to

announce this last month was Blake's own fault. He came in, let us show him all over the new law school, but said not a word about his success. Conditions beyond his control kept Mr. Blake from graduating with his class and forced him finally to drop out; but he never gave up and now the victory is his. Congratulations to the new counsellor who becomes the sole representative of his people at the bar of Prince Georges county.

PERSONAL GREETINGS.

Since the appearance of our last memorandum the sum total of human happiness has been measurably increased by the pleasure given us in personal exchanges with alumni and friends who stopped at least long enough to say "Howdy."

On October 13th, Attorney EMORY COLE, '23, of the Maryland bar looked in and told all about how it happened. Mr. Cole will open up shortly in Baltimore.

On October 19th, JACK COLLINS, '02,—you remember; Old Football Collins, who hit the line with Big Jack, Cap. Wash and Devil Dwight Holmes, twenty odd years ago!—came in for the first time in years, and 'fessed up promptly that he was ashamed to have to admit that he so neglected his Alma Mater. He promised to visit the old nest oftener hereafter. Mr. Collins has a lucrative practice at the local bar.

On October 29th, came JOHN W. ROWE, '22, of the Kentucky bar, telling a tale of travel and achievement. At New York he was accorded a royal welcome by Geo. E. Hall, '20, and Thomas B. D. Dyett, '20, of the firm of Dyett & Hall, and by Vernon C. Riddick, '22, who has cast in his lot with the firm of Marshall & Wheaton in Harlem. Rowe says he has received a flattering offer to come to Louisville, but Lexington is his station and there he is going to stay.

JOHN W. WHITE, '10, of Manassas, Va., president of the renowned Manassas Horse Show Association, dropped in on October 31st, and almost fainted at what he saw. He said he had heard about it, and believed much of what had reached him, but he never dreamed that a practically new law school has actually been set up on the spot where he himself once hoped such a thing might eventually take place in the course of half a century.

On November 1st, ROYAL A. HUGHES, '97, and the charming Mrs. Hughes, his bride of a few weeks, came in. With this astounding event all law school business stopped short and a social session was inaugurated. Of course Hughes had to spoil it all by being so busy that he had to go, but he did stay long enough to join Madame in registering their unqualified admiration of Alma Mater's added charms.

On November 7th, came MONROE MASON, '02, of Boston, Mass. Soldier, political wizard and thinker, Mr. Mason is now the managing editor of the Blue Helmet Magazine, published in the interest of former A. E. F. men. Clifton (that's what we called him twenty years ago) was so delighted with what he saw, he promised to go back home and give us the write-up of our lives. Isn't that splendid? Time has been good to Mason, he has changed very little and he reports Madame and two young hopefuls down east rooting strong for Old Howard.

Other callers during the month were DR. WILLIAM H. WASHINGTON, Col. '04, Med. '08, (Capt. Wash., of football fame), of Newark, N. J., DR. CREED W. CHILDS, JESSIE P. WALLACE, Law, '20,; MRS. PORTIA E. DANIEL, wife of the Special Assistant in the library; MR. JOHN L. THORNE, treasurer of the Daylight Movie Theater Syndicate; MRS. WOOLSEY W. HALL, wife of the reporter of the Moot Court; MRS. JAMESON and MRS. JONES, of Peoria, who were shown through by Professor Houston, and L. M. HERSHAW, '92, whose knowledge of the public domain and the intricacies of Federal land titles, has won for him a unique position in the great Department of the Interior.

LANE OF HEIDELBERG.

RUSSELL A. LANE, who should be a member of the Class of 1924, won't, for the reason that he married himself a wife and trekked to Deutschland. Ladies and gentlemen, I present candidates for the doctorate R. A. Lane and Mrs. Lane, of Heidelberg:

"Heidelberg, Baden, Germany,
Augustinergasse 2.

Care of Herr Karl Baust,
October 25, 1923.

My dear Professor Waters:

My wife and I have been here since the 12th of October. This city is one of the most beautiful that I have ever seen. One would have to see it with his own eyes to really appreciate it. Nature has worked wonders here. The University opens on the 29th. We have been in school two weeks already, as we have had a German professor to give us every day very intensive lessons in the German language, so that we will be better able to understand and take part in the lectures which are given in German. I am sure I am going to like it very well. I am registered in the University as a candidate for the Doctor of Philosophy degree, majoring in Philosophy and my minor in Law. My wife is a special student in History, Law and Language.

I am certainly getting first-hand information of the habits and customs of the German people, as well as a good writing and speaking knowledge of their language. We have a small two-room apartment with a German family, right next to the University. They treat us simply wonderful. They do everything and anything to make us comfortable. The father in the family was a high ranking German officer in the army during the Great War. He often tells us of his many experiences.

Give my regards to all the Professors and students who may inquire of me. My thoughts are forever on the Law School. Here are my hopes for a banner year and Class 1A. Write me at your leisure and send any news that you think may interest me. Hoping you are well. Regards to Miss Cooper.

I am very respectfully yours,

(Signed) RUSSELL A. LANE."

Thus Howard's loss is Germany's gain; but we won't worry for the lad has promised to come back to us and when he does he will be prepared all the better to take his place at the great American bar as a graduate of this School. Meanwhile, you who know Mr. Lane, and especially his classmates, should write to him. A letter from home means much to one as far away as Lane is.

FINE CHANCE FOR RIGHT MAN.

The president of a bank in Texas writes to Dr. Scott as follows:

"Our lawyer, ———, LL. D., attorney for our bank and quite useful as a lawyer for the city and county, died October 27, 1923. We are writing to ask you if you could recommend to us an efficient lawyer who might take his place. He had a splendid practice.

"He also had a library worth about twelve or fifteen hundred dollars, I suppose, and we want some one to take his office; and his wife would sell his library also if he so desired it.

"Thanking you for any information you could give along this line,

"I am yours truly,

(Signed) "————."

The foregoing speaks for itself. It presents the chance of a lifetime for the right man, and calls for no comment from us save to name the qualifications: Legal knowledge, horse sense, and tact of the kind that spells success in Texas. If you value this opening and are reasonably certain that you possess the qualifications specified, write at once to the Secretary, School of Law, 420 5th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., and you shall hear from us by return mail. If you are not the right sort, don't waste your time or ours. That's all.

THE END OF THE PASSAGE.

THERE remains to record the passing of Robert L. Fitzgerald, '93, which took place at Atlantic City on October 30th. Prominent in the political life of his State and County, Mr. Fitzgerald was until his death associated with his brother, Ben Fitzgerald, in the enterprise which became famous as Fitzgerald's Auditorium. He was a classmate of Walter Land, of Norfolk, and the late Harry W. Bass, of Philadelphia. The death of Mr. Fitzgerald creates a vacancy in the board of freeholders of Atlantic County, from which Counsellors James A. Lightfoot, '07, and Isaac H. Nutter, '01, have been mentioned. They are both Alma Mater's boys and she will be happy in the choice of either.

JAMES C. WATERS.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED SCIENCE.

An exhibition of the work of the departments of Art and Architecture was held during Commencement week. Among the visitors was Miss Leila Mechlin, Secretary of the American Federation of Arts, who was so favorably impressed with the work of the departments that upon the request of Dean Hatfield, she wrote her criticism in the following letter:

June 16, 1923:

Mr. Harold D. Hatfield,
Dean, School of Applied Science,
Howard University, Washington, D. C.
My dear Mr. Hatfield:

You asked me to write you my opinion of the exhibition of the art work done in Howard University, which I viewed yesterday, and I do so with great pleasure, especially as I found therein much to commend.

The work of the architectural students seems to me exceptional and surprisingly meritorious, comparable with the student work of other institutions and giving indication of faithful study application and good instruction.

The free-hand work in water color was also commendable, because of the care with which it was rendered and because it seemed to supplement the work of the architectural students.

The illustrative work done for the year book showed originality and cleverness. The work in costume design and modeling was less vigorous but apparently in the right direction.

I take it that all work of this sort has a related value and that its measure of merit is in accord with its ability to attain a desired end. On the whole, therefore, it would seem to me that this department is showing excellent results and that those who have the direction of the work, deserve encouragement as well as commendation,

Faithfully yours,

LEILA MECHLIN.

TECHNICAL ARTICLES BY MEMBERS OF HOWARD UNIVERSITY FACULTY.

THE following bibliography comprises a partial list of the contributions published during the past twenty years, by the instructors in the undergraduate schools. All contributions of a controversial nature or of merely general interest have been eliminated, thus curtailing the list of contributions of those instructors whose writings have been along these lines. But it has seemed best to limit the list to the contributions made by each instructor in his especial field and published either in book form or in a standard journal in that field. It is hoped to make an annual report, no matter how brief, of such contributions published during each year.

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THE VALUE OF COMPETITIVE SPORTS.

WHILE admitting that athletic sports are the greatest aids to physical development, many responsible persons contend that the influence of athletic contests in college is of little or negative importance to the individuals in after life. These scholars urge the maximum development of the intellectual man. They assure us that the perfection of this creature will bring about the millenium to the accursed race. The writer opines with Dr. Sargent, a leading authority on physical training, that "the greatest development of body, mind or soul is undesirable, inasmuch as neither condition can be obtained in man, a composite being, without drawing or impairing the condition of the other two." Perfect the body at the sacrifice of moral and intellectual development and you will have an athlete and savage. Likewise, an intellectual giant, minus moral and physical assets, is a sickly pervert, dangerous both to himself and to the commonwealth. A man may be mentally powerful and artistically creative and yet be a wretched, pitiable failure in himself. What, then, are the justifications for sport, particularly as conducted in schools and colleges?

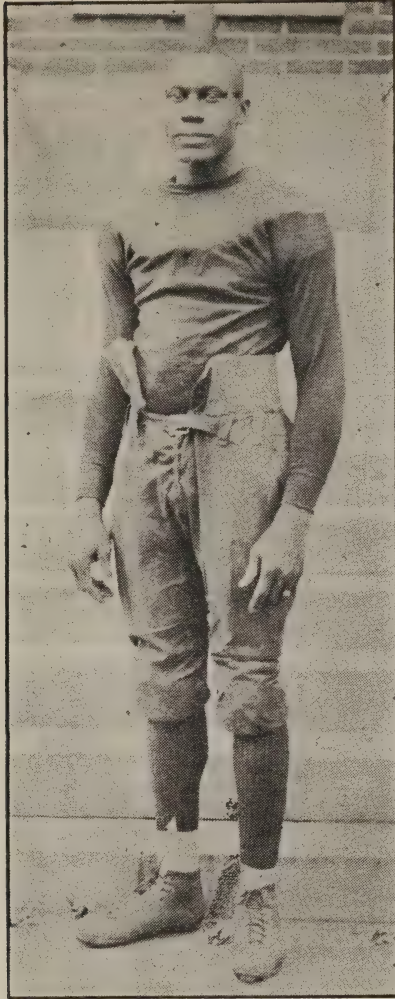
Emerson says: "Strong races and strong individuals rest on natural forces. Physical exuberance, surcharge of arterial blood, a strong heart and a bounding pulse—these are the basis of the powers that make men and nations great. In the last analysis, great human achievements rest on perfect physical health." The psychology of spectators cheering a football team in 1923, varies little from that of the crowds who cheered the athletes at the Olympic Games on the plains of Greece, seven hundred years before Christ.

Passing over the advantages of competitive sports as a means of discipline, a fact, universally recognized, the writer asserts that athletic games play a direct rule in the moral development of every contestant—perhaps, more than any single academic subject. In the first place, it makes one a good loser. It requires no effort to be a good winner. However, few antagonists can stand up under punishment; give everything to win, and accept defeat in the sportsmanlike spirit of the trained athlete. Who can say that this is not one of the best qualities that go to make character? In the world at large, a man may commit offenses against decency and fair play and be condoned or even applauded if success and sufficient monetary returns accrue to the transgressor, but, to the athlete, the code of honor is universal. It means fair play, self-reliance, loyalty, honesty, gallantry in defeat, modesty in victory.

Again, competitive sports afford a potent antidote for the evils produced by a civilization which is devoted to the acquisition of leisure and luxury. Automobiles impair the use of the feet, notebooks hinder memory, various mechanical inventions tend to soften the body, city life renders impracticable many forms of rural exercise. How are we to enjoy the fruits of an advanced civilization if the body is to become anemic? What will propagate physical exercise for the multitude more than competitive sports?

Finally, athletic competition has no superior in inspiring one with the incentive of victory. The memory of a game snatched from defeat into glorious victory at the last moment, has helped many a man through difficulties in after years. "Christy Mathewson gives all the credit to baseball for his victory over the *tuberculae bacillus*. In the moment of life's crisis, when a superhuman effort is needed in order to turn certain defeat into victory; when everything has gone wrong; when the odds are 100 to 1 against his coming through; when neither the rules and equations learned in the class room nor the admonition of the Sunday school teacher availeth a tinker's dam, keep your eyes on the gridiron hero. He'll win, by golly, he'll win.

T. J. A.



GEORGE ("BULLDOG") WILLIAMS

Howard's brilliant Gridiron Star, who says
farewell to Intercollegiate Football this year.

Before the curtain falls on the football season of 1923, a word of homage to a passing hero, who has helped to make gridiron history for Old Howard during the past four years, is in order. His name is familiar to all Howardites; his deeds on the gridiron are common parlance. All-American end, shiek of the forward-pass, harmonizer of dissenting factions within the squad, generator of the good old Howard spirit, Lincoln's nemesis,—long may memories of you linger with us, George "Bulldog" Williams!

By scoring an easy victory, 19-7, over Virginia Normal and Industrial Institute, of Petersburg, Va., Howard ended its home series in a blaze of glory. There remain two games to be played, both on foreign soil, Hampton and Lincoln. A victory over these teams will give Howard undisputed title to the intercollegiate championship for the year 1923-24. With a new and practically green squad, and the most formidable schedule in Howard's history, Coach Louis L. Watson and his assistant, John R. Nurse, have worked wonders with the team. Except for a fluke forward pass, which netted a touch down by Petersburg, Howard's goal line has not been crossed this season. Howard's victories include:

<i>Howard</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Opponents</i>	
7	October 6	A. & T. College	0
10	October 13	Va. Theo. Sem.	0
15	October 20	Livingston Col.	0
10	October 26	Moorehouse Col.	0
7	November 2	Wilberforce Univ.	0
19	November 10	Petersburg	7

T. J. A.

THE SECOND ANNUAL HOWARD WOMEN'S DINNER.

THE Second Annual Howard Women's Dinner, held in the dining room, Friday evening, November 9, 1923, was a huge success. The Committee on Arrangements, with Susie Brown as energetic and resourceful chairman, spared no pains to make it the biggest woman affair of the season.

The affair opened with a Proclamation by Susie Brown, calling together all the women of the University for the unique event, and barring from the dining room floor, all male elements of the University, save those who served. She also introduced Mrs. Florence Carroll, '02, the very tactful and gifted toastmistress of the evening.

The speakers were: Joanna Houston, Senior Class; Isabelle Washington, Junior Class; Bernice Chism, Sophomore Class; Louise Young, Freshman Class; Etta V. Lisemby, Law School; Mildred Jetter, Medical School; Mamie G. Neale, Women's League; Mrs. Coralie F. Cook, Faculty Club; Misses Jennie Mustapha and Meta Redden, Alumnae; Dean Lucy D. Slowe, College Women.

All of the speeches were inspirational and helpful. Mrs. Coralie F. Cook, with her usual richness of ideas, left this germ of thought with the group: great women all over the world today are thinking of women. Dean Slowe struck again the note that she has so often sounded: that the ideal college woman is a woman whose body is strong and vigorous, whose mind is keen and alert, whose heart is trained.

There were yells and songs led by Anita Turpeau and Leila Burleigh, and after the formal speeches were over, the students called for whomever they wished to speak. Among these were Miss Hardwick, Mrs. Turner, Miss Childers, Miss Curtis, Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Woodward.

By no means the least interesting part of the program was the menu which was as follows:

Bouillion		
Olives		Pickles
Panned Chicken		Dressing
	Giblet Gravy	
Rice		Petits Pois
	Dinner Rolls	
	Waldorf Salad	
Coffee		Wafers
Ice Cream		Cake

M. G. N.

ALPHA CHAPTER OF PHI BETA SIGMA HONORS DR. DAVIS.

ON Saturday evening, November 27, the Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity gave a Smoker in honor of its esteemed brother, Dr. E. P. Davis, who has recently acquired his Ph.D. degree in German from the University of Chicago. A beautiful loving cup was presented to Dr. Davis by the members of the Fraternity, as a token of recognition for his scholarly attainments.

After the presentation Dr. Davis spoke in a very interesting and instructive manner of his travels in Europe during the summer, and laid special emphasis on his experience in Berlin, Paris, Berne and London.

Among those who paid tribute to Dr. Davis on this auspicious occasion were Dr. Turner, Professors Gregory, Lochard, Hines, Wormley, Director of Physical Education, and Dr. M. T. Walker.

OMEGA PSI PHI PROM.

THE initial prom of Alpha Chapter of Omega Psi Phi was held at St. Mary's Parish Hall, on Friday evening, October 26th.

The hall was attractively decorated. The dimmed, glowing lights were suggestive of an old-fashioned garden. Many streamers and balloons also added to the effect.

Members of the Howard and Morehouse Football Teams were guests. Those who attended enjoyed a delightful evening.

UNDERGRADUATE MUSICAL ACTIVITIES AT HOWARD.

MUSIC has always played an important part in college life. This may be due to tradition, or it may be indicative of the student's ambition. College musical organizations contain in many cases practical musicians,—men who will prove their usefulness in later life.

Probably the oldest undergraduate musical organization at Howard is the Vested Choir. For years this group of voices has given a certain dignity to the Vesper Services that has become traditional. Those who have attended these services will not soon forget the music of this choir. From time to time they have given oratorios under the direction of Miss Childers and Miss Grant. Notable among these is Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha."

Six years ago the Men's Glee Club began under the direction of Prof. Roy W. Tibbs. With the latter's untiring interest, it has shaped itself into an organization that is truly worthy of commendation. The Club has interpreted the works of Race composers in a way that only the Negro can understand. The compositions of Burleigh and Coleridge-Taylor have been rendered with all of that plaintiveness and wistfulness that is so characteristic of the Negro Spiritual. The Glee Club is a representative institution of Howard. Much of its success is due to its high standards and the skill of its conductor.

The Girls' Glee Club is the youngest musical organization of the University. Its Novelty Concert last spring consisted of songs and dances, and reflects much credit upon the directress, Miss Carolyn Grant.

The growth of the R. O. T. C. Unit, of Howard University, necessitated the institution of a batallion band. The War Department authorized the establishment of such a band, and at the beginning of the school year of 1920-1921, detailed Sergeant Dorcy Rhodes as its leader. In the three years of its existence, Sergt. Rhodes has perfected this new organization, and under his direction the R. O. T. C. Band has been given a place among the best Negro Bands of the country. It has given

several concerts, and this year approaches its zenith as a contestant for the John Wannamaker Trophy, awarded each year to the best Negro band in the United States.

The University Symphony Orchestra was organized last year. Mr. Wesley Howard is conductor. The Orchestra has proved a valuable addition to the University. During the Commencement Week of the year 1923, under Sergt. Rhodes' direction, it accompanied Mr. Howard in a Mendelssohn Concerto for violin and orchestra. This is the first time that such a feat has been performed by a Negro organization. Much work is expected of the University Symphony Orchestra this year.

The combined efforts of the various musical organizations of the University were utilized last March in the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's Comic Opera, "The Mikado." From the opening of the first act it was a complete success. The production of this opera has showed the possibilities of the united musical organizations of the University.

H. P. K.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

It is of interest to note that Roland Hayes, the premier Negro artist, will tour the principal cities of the East this winter as soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is unnecessary to outline the notable career of this famous Negro tenor. His recent successes in England and on the Continent have won high praise from European and American critics.

Roland Hayes is the first artist of the Race to be so singularly honored. His faultless musicianship and his elegant style have won for him this unique honor.

We look forward with pleasure to his appearance with this historically famous organization.

Better Colored Schools.

It is gratifying and encouraging to note the interest being taken by many Southern State Legislatures in the education and welfare of the Negro.

Among the latest news of this nature is the announcement that the South Carolina Legislature recently voted "\$98,000 for the Negro State College, \$41,000 for the Negro boys' reformatory, \$1,500 for the Negro fair, and the chance to share in the high school appropriation by complying with certain conditions." South Carolina boasts of 14 recognized Negro high schools, 15 teachers' training schools, and 35 Rosenwald schools. The Negroes of the State have supplemented its appropriations by nearly \$30,000.

In Kentucky, following an educational survey which showed its schools less efficient than those in some of the other Southern States, the Legislature made additional provision for the training of white teachers, and the Negro Educational Association reports that the next Legislature will probably do something similar for colored teachers. A State-wide conference to this end is announced for December 7 and 8 at Louisville.—*Southern Workman*.

The Negro in Detroit.

THE Negroes in Detroit (of whom there are about 60,000) are among the most thorough-going patriots in the American Republic. With their brawn and brain they have aided materially in the building of American institutions and ideals. They speak the mother tongue and are familiar with American customs and laws. Through

long years of toil Negroes have been well prepared for the arduous labor of the future, and from the practical experience thus gained their race is likely to become eventually one of the most potent factors in American industrial life.

The Negro population of Detroit remained practically at a standstill for thirty or forty years. In 1910 the total colored population was less than 5,000; today it is 12 times that.

Prior to 1910 the Negroes of Detroit were employed chiefly as porters, waiters, and domestics. Today there are no less than five hundred industries employing colored men. They can be found in every grade of work from the crudest to the most highly skilled labor. The Ford Motor Company is the largest employer of Negro labor; out of a total of 110,000 employes in the Ford industries in Detroit, approximately 5,000 are Negroes. The Dodge Brothers Motor Car Company is the second largest employer of Negro labor; out of 18,000 men, 1,400 are colored. The Packard Motor Car Company comes third with 700 colored men in their employ.—*John M. Ragland in the Southern Workman.*

The Negro.

WHEN you are inclined to speak of the Negro as an inferior race and demand: "What has the Negro ever done?" you might give a thought to George Washington Carver.

Carver was born in slavery. His first library consisted of a blue-backed speller.

He was discovered by Booker T. Washington, who brought him to Tuskegee. He has devoted his life to the chemistry of agriculture. He has developed over a hundred products from the sweet potato, over a hundred and fifty uses for the peanut and upwards of sixty articles of value from the pecan. He has extracted wonderful dyes from Southern clay. He has been made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Great Britain for his contribution to science.

In 1922 he won the Springarn medal for the most distinguished service by an American Negro.

Carver exemplifies the words carved upon Charles Keck's beautiful memorial statue of Booker Washington:

"We shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify labor and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life."—*Washington Herald, Oct. 26.*

SIGNIFICANT ART BOOKS.

"Khsitindra Nath Mazumdar," by Ordhendra Coomer Gangoly. Published by H. Mukhurji and Co., 16 Bonfield's Lane, Calcutta, India. Brentano, New, York. Price, \$10.00.

This is volume I of a series of monographs on modern Artists by the editor of Rupan, author of "South Indian Bronzes," and Vice-President of the Society of Oriental Art. The edition is limited to one hundred copies and this volume is in every respect an example of the bookmakers' "art." The book has five plates in color and twenty-one photogravures, which give an excellent idea of the attainment of the artist who is the subject of the volume. The series is declared to make the public conversant with the new school of Indian Painting which seems to be very closely related to the old school of the Orient. The writer often gives us a familiar touch in Burne-Jones, Kandinsky and Kenyon Cox. He seems to be acquainted with many of the well known critical writers on Art of the present day, and has his own personal criticisms also which he expresses interestingly and well.

"Form in Civilization" (collected papers on Art and Labour, by W. R. Lethaby).

Published by Wm. Helburn, Inc., 418 Madison Ave., New York City.

This little book on collected papers on "Art and Labour," by W. R. Leathaby, called "Form in Civilization," is well worth owning. The Journal of the American Institute of Architects points out, however, that, "one should not attempt to read it in one evening, although it is a tiny book." For if one begins it with his faculties of openmindedness and appreciation as guides, he will be constrained to stop and think after almost every paragraph. As the following definitions by Mr. Leathaby shows: *Architecture*:

"It is human skill and feeling shown in the great necessary activities of building."

"Properly understood, it not only concerns the man in the street, it comes home to all householders and households."

"It is current speech, it is not an art of classical quotation."

"More and more we become the victims of our words and live frightened by names. Such a name is Architecture. In its mystery vague and vain pretenses may be shrouded, in its shadows may hide many minor superstitions about correct design, and right style, the true proportion. High priests arise who are supposed to know subtle doctrines and can point the way to aesthetic safety."

"No architect has any more right to put up an insulting building than to stand on the pavement and make faces at us."

Art:

"By thinking of art as a special matter dealt with by special people called architects and painters and musicians, we have gone far to banish beauty from our towns and from our lives. What I mean by Art, then is not the affair of a few, but of everybody."

"Poetry and art come from insight into the essentials of things and life."

"Science is what you know; art is what you do."

"All art is labour as well as thought."

"Gloucester by Land and Sea," by Charles Boardman Hawes and Lester G. Hornby. Lille, Brown & Co., Boston, Publishers. Price \$6.00.

Although this book does not deal with an art subject, it is of interest to the art lover for Gloucester which has just celebrated its tercentenary, attracts yearly many artists because of its "quaint houses," salty tang of speech and manner, and adventurous marines. The book is charmingly illustrated by twenty-eight drawings and one water color by Lester G. Hornby. The American Magazine of Art says: "Aside from the subject, the drawings would give the book importance and note."

"The Art Spirit," by Robert Henri, compiled by Margery Ryerson. J. B. Lippincott Co., Publishers. Price \$2.00.

"Art Spirit," is a volume containing notes, articles, fragments of letters and talks to students, bearing on the conception and technique of picture making, the study of art generally, and on appreciation.

The International Studio says: "Very singular form of book since it has no chapter divisions and is made up entirely of short or long paragraphs, strung together according to subject and with only here and there a heading."

This is true, but nevertheless it is a most interesting book of its author, who is a noted instructor and a gifted artist. On the very last page he says, "A work of art is a trace of a magnificent struggle." This statement alone shows that he is in every way capable of stimulating and inspiring the student. For this reason unlike so many so called art books, it will be found of great value to those who are studying art as well as to the art lover.

COUNTERWEIGHTS.

The stingiest man in our block parks his fliver with the mirror reflecting the street lamp so he'll need no parking light.

Two overseas veterans were standing in front of the Veterans' Bureau watching the crowds of clerks going in. Said one, "I wish I could get a job in there." Said the other, "So do I, but takes pull to get in there." "How do you know?" asked Vet. No. 1? "It says so on the door!" replied his buddy.

Uncle Amos went to visit his nephew at college. Finding his rooming house, he inquired politely of the maid who answered his ring: "Does Mr. Thompkins, a student, live here?"

"There is a Mr. Thompkins here," she answered, "but I always thought he was a night watchman."

There's nothing like being up-to-date and keeping up with the holidays. My wife made a cherry pie for dinner George Washington's birthday, and we cut it with the hatchet.

Small grandson listened to the teacher talking about an elephant as shown on large picture. Teacher called attention to the tusks and told the children that tusks were ivory. "Now think," said teacher, "what you have at home that is made of ivory."

Small grandson's hand was raised and he proudly answered. "Soap."

Bobby had been told that he should always say "burst" and never "bust."

A day or two later he came in from school and exclainer: "Oh, mother, teacher's got a burst of Roosevelt for our room!"

Then It Began Again.

She (after the fuss)—"Let's kiss and make up."

He—"We'll kiss, but you're made up enough already."

"Why do we always speak of a blush as creeping over a girl's face?"

"If it went any faster it might raise a dust."

Mrs. Murphy (to teacher)—"What de ye mane by writin' 'Poor nut' on me Patrick's report carrrd?"

Teacher—"Oh, that's the visiting physician's report, He meant 'Poor nutrition.'"

Student—"Sir, I would like permission to remain away three additional days after the end of vacation."

Dean—"Why three days of grace?"

Student—"No Grace—Gertrude."

Schoolboy—"What does 'Good Friday' mean?"

Chum (witheringly)—"You had better go home and read your Robinson Crusoe."

Heard in a Senior United States History Exam.

I.—"Who was Sir Francis Drake?"

A.—"He was a daring sea pirate. He fought in the civil war, and, while imprisoned wrote 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

Affable Visitor (addressing school)—"Children, I want to talk to you about one of the most important organs in the whole world. What is it that throbs away, beats away, whether you wake or sleep, night or day, week in and week out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away, unseen, throbbing rhythmically all your life long?"

Thomas Tucker—"I know; it's a gas meter."

It is said that the average woman's vocabulary consists of only 800 words. Of these 750 pertain to dress.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY CARD FOR ALUMNUS OR FORMER
STUDENT.

1. Name
 (first name) (middle name) (last name)

2. Present Address
 (City) (State)

 Street Address

3. Permanent Address
 (City) (State)

 Street Address

4. Date Entered Howard University.....

5. Number of years at Howard.....

 Department Entered

6. Other Departments Entered

7. Degrees Conferred, if any

8. Year of Graduation

 Year Discontinued Course at Howard

9. Occupation or Profession.....

10. Business Relations (i. e., connection with business enterprises, banks,
 etc.)

11. Schools Attended Before and After Attending Howard.....

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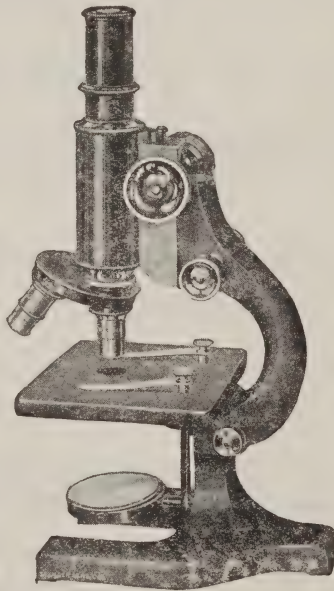
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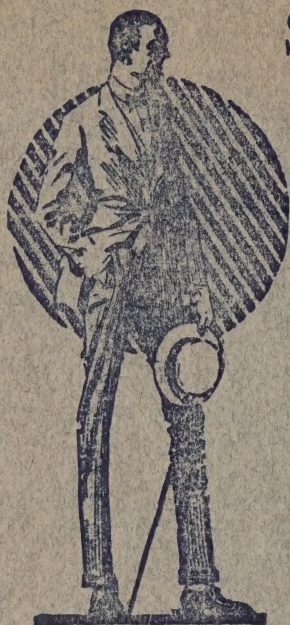
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